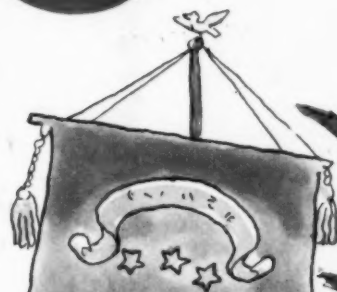


Life



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is legal again."



Dorothy McKay



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PREDICTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF—



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
<p>Girls born before the 22nd have IT and endless energy. Weaklings are advised not to fall in love with them.</p> <p>Girls born after the 21st are faithful and devoted but undemonstrative. Do not put tacks on their chairs if you love them.</p>					<p>New York.—Communist spectators revolt at Fifth Avenue street excavation. Demand equal right to operate the steam shovel.</p>	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
<p>Memphis.—The warden puts Pullman windows in Harvey Bailey's cell.</p>	<p>Washington.—The Senate by a strict what-a-party vote investigates Sally Rand.</p>			<p>Washington.—Pay Now movement imperils the Buy Now campaign. Government rushes experts to Europe to study Continental system of borrowing without paying back.</p>		
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
<p>Washington.—Cupid applies for R.F.C. loan. Plans vast boudoir program.</p>			<p>Washington.—Congress prohibits manufacture of chisels. Bosses petition the League for minority protection.</p>	<p>Tokio.—Japanese army reaffirms its love for America. Offers to adopt us.</p>		
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
<p>New York.—The Better Marriage Bureau proposes gags for bridge players to be worn until the morning after the game before.</p>		<p>Los Angeles.—Riot squad protects Mae West from enraged girls who gave up sane diets for controlled inflation.</p>			<p>Berlin.—Nazis can't kick. Germany's marching army collapses with athlete's foot.</p>	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
<p>Antarctic.—Commander Byrd signs up champ snowball pitchers for the Yankees.</p>		<p>New York.—Bankers score Pres. Roosevelt's reemployment shirking. Demand he hire twenty vice-presidents, too.</p>		<p>Washington.—Pecora moves the Stock Exchange to Atlanta but still no one is afraid of the big bad wolf.</p>		
<p>Pennsylvania.—Workers ask the sheriffs to shoot bosses, too.</p>		<p>Men born before the 22nd stamp their feet and slam doors but are very good husbands to wives who understand them.</p>		<p>Men born after the 21st are often slave drivers and it does not do their secretaries any good even to sit on their laps.</p>		<p>The birthstone is Turquoise for prosperity which is necessary for Christmas presents.</p>

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Life

DECEMBER : 1933

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"I'm so tired I'm going to flop right into bed with my clothes on, when we get home."

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FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

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Mr. Jimplewittz on the Air

A Radio Corporation of America official predicts that with the further development of television and portable broadcasting gadgets it will not be long before big business executives may direct operations from the golf courses.

—News Item.

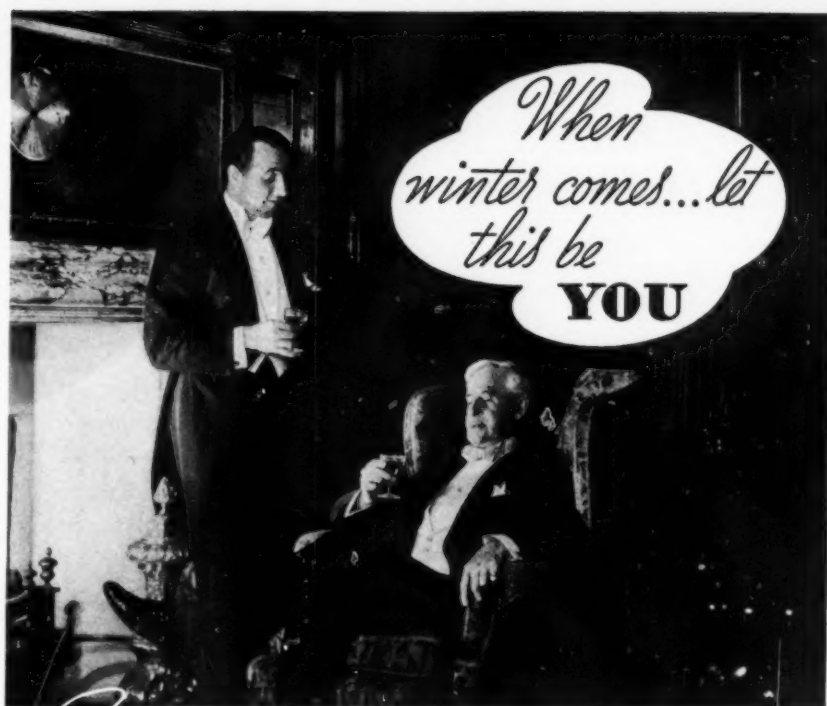
GOOD morning, everybody, and isn't it a glorious day? This is J. J. Jimplewittz, broadcasting his daily instructions to the department heads and assistant managers of J. J. Jimplewittz and Company. Boys, I wish you were out here with me at the fourth tee of the Meadowflop Country Club. It looks as if I'd break par today. One moment, please. (Whams out beautiful 235-yard drive.)

"I want to tell all of you sitting in the big Jimplewittz conference room that I'm mighty pleased with the showing you're making this quarter. Yes indeed, I'm certainly mighty pleased. (Makes hole in par and tees off nicely again.) It makes a man proud to know that he can leave his business with the confidence that it will be carried on by such a conscientious, efficient staff. And I want every one of you to understand that I'm not forgetting the good work you are doing. (Finds ball has plopped into tuft of grass, but manages to get out by a difficult shot that wins even the admiration of his caddy.)

"Yes sir. I'm proud of all of you. And don't ever think that I'm not going to do something for you just as soon as things get better, and I don't mind saying that it looks now as if we're going to wind up this year with the best showing since '29. And you fellows who have been loyal, energetic, business-getting employees for more than ten years. . . . Well, I'm going to have a special little surprise for you. (Makes a terrific slice and lands in the rough.)

"Of course, we must realize that we're not on easy street yet. As a matter of fact, there are several things that haven't gone right in the last few months. There was that \$10,000 order some one let slip through his fingers in September. We can't have that sort of thing if we're going to pull out of the red. But I know that was just a slip, and that you won't let it happen again. (Ball lands on green, missed cup by an inch and rolls 15 yards beyond green.)

"I want you fellows to get one thing through your heads fast. I don't want any more of those big



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The ship's smoke-room . . . serenity essentially male. Talk of yesterday's ports and tomorrow's . . . Havana . . . Naples . . . Port Said! Casualness that fails to hide the thrill of experiences shared, of adventure yet to come . . .

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Sail warm seas to glorious foreign shores, this winter . . . and give yourself a week or two or four of such living as this! Choose from this elaborate program under renowned Cunard management!

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ROSS W. THOMPSON, Manager

orders getting by us, see? Jimplewittz and Company isn't a charitable institution. It's a business. I run it with the faint, insane hope that by some queer quirk you fellows may manage to help the firm show a small profit once every decade or so. (Gets back on green three feet from cup.)

"Now, I don't mean to sound unreasonable, gentlemen. I know you're up against a hard proposition in times like these. But if we'll just work together, cheerfully, I know we're going to pull through in fine shape. Everything is going to be all right, boys. Just keep on plugging away like you have been and... (Misses three-foot putt.)

"But I don't want any of you to get the idea he's riveted to the Jimplewittz payroll. We've got to have more business, do you understand? The showing you've made so far is rotten! Simply rotten! I could take a bunch of high-school kids and handle as many orders as you've turned in lately. (Misses again.) What do you think I'm paying you for? To sit around all day and watch the clock and wonder how much Christmas bonus you're going to get? Get out and dig up some business or I'm going to get a crew that will! (Misses again by half an inch and realizes he's already three over par, with the worst holes ahead.)

"That's all! You're fired, everyone of you! Go down to the cashier's office and get what's coming to you! You muff every deal that comes along! I'm going to have real men around me, not a bunch of dubs!" —Chet Johnson.



"Imagine—eleven bucks for a evening gown!"



AS the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "Let's vote Dry and help prevent that advertisement from appearing on page 5 of the December issue of LIFE."

■

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Our Key Chains bear a registered number and are stamped with our name for identification in case of loss.

The Monogram Key Top readily identifies that particular key which is the most used.

The Money Clips are very useful and attractive.

During the last holiday season requests for these articles came from 26 different states.

Prices in Sterling

KEY Circle	CHAINS Block Letter	MONEY CLIPS	MONOGRAM KEY TOP
\$5.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.00

Prices in 14K Gold

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\$11.00	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$10.00

In ordering stipulate the article and design desired; if circle monogram, mention position of last letter, either in center or on the end.

Jewelry Craftsmen since 1895

Boyden-Minuth Company

Heyworth Bldg., 29 E. Madison St.
CHICAGO

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



The Last Round-up

BEST Book of the Year—*The Coming Struggle for Power* by John Strachey.

Biggest Book of the Year—*Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen. 1260 pages.

Best Biography of the Year—*Mellon's Millions* by Harvey O'Connor.

Probable Pulitzer Prize Winner in Fiction—*South Moon Under* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

Worst Book of the Year—*Manhattan Madness* by Maxwell Bodenheim.

Biggest Literary Racket of the Year—Books of "Best" Short Stories.

Most Pathetic Autobiographies—*Homecoming* by Floyd Dell, and *Bare Hands and Stone Walls* by Charles Edward Russell.

Best Literary Reminiscences—*It Was the Nightingale* by Ford Madox Ford.

Best Short Movie—*Three Little Pigs* by Walt Disney.

Doomed to be a Movie Nuisance—*Three Little Pigs* by Walt Disney.

Best News-Reel Feature—The Ambridge Strike pictures.

Worst Traffic Light System, Hardest Town to Drive Through—Easton, Pa.

Worst Biography of the Year—*The Life of Henry P. Davison* by Thomas W. Lamont.

Best Mystery of the Year—*The Case of the Sulky Girl* by Erle Stanley Gardner.

Worst Mystery of the Year—*Drury Lane's Last Case* by Barnaby Ross.

Funniest Book of the Year—*Heavy Weather* by P. G. Wodehouse, and not too awfully funny at that.

...

IF you've been following this book page with attention in the past year, and who hasn't, as is attested to by the four letters of praise received by the editors, all written on the same typewriter, and there'll never be a mistake like that again—if you've been following this book page with attention, you will know that the West has cast a Magic Spell upon Mr. Crichton. Upon the slightest excuse, he will burst into *The Last Round-up*, begin wiping his eyes and bragging of the fact that he once lived so far West the natives always spoke of going back East to Omaha.

What I started out to say was that you have never lived in America until

you have worked in a steel mill, driven over the mountain from Mora to Taos or were a constant reader of the *Denver Post* during the days of Bonfils and Tamm. Gene Fowler, who subsequently became the highest paid reporter in America (but not for Bonfils) was a graduate of the Bonfils and Tamm School of Skulduggery and now writes about the late lamented scoundrels in *Timber-Line* (Covici-Friede). Mr. Fowler has pulled his punches no little, in an effort, I suspect, to save something for his autobiography, which should go down through the ages with the Lives of St. Augustine, Rousseau and Fanny Hill, but there is still enough retained to show that when it came to yellow journalism, Messrs. Pulitzer and Hearst were merely toying with the idea. The *Post* had a front page which symbolized the results of allowing a chimpanzee free rein in a paint store. Every bumped fender on Champa Street took on the importance of the Battle of the Marne. In the opinion of many, it was the crookedest paper ever published in America and yet it was a great newspaper. It carried everything. Mr. Fowler is torn between a sneaking admiration for his former employers and the necessity of relating just how they went about their rascality.

If you want to know what the American newspapers can do to you, and are still doing to individuals and causes they don't like, here is the picture.

A Cleaner Period

THE real West, the old West, was different and if I had my choice of a period of history, I think I should like to have lived in Socorro in the 1880's. Eugene Manlove Rhodes is the great historian of those days, having lived through them himself, and I urge you to read his books for a faithful and engrossing picture of a life which can be mourned with all sincerity in its passing. Mr. Rhodes' latest is *The Trusty Knaves* (Houghton Mifflin) and it reveals the largeness of mind and character which marked that period. Even the bad men were on a grander scale. Being the last frontier to fall before the encroachments of industrialism, it escaped the middle class virtues which were later to suffocate us. Money, for example, assumed its proper place in that setting; it was made to be spent, to be enjoyed. There was no fear of life, no suppression of



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Worth waiting for, worth saving for—Flexible Flyer lasts a lifetime of fun.

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Planet Jr. Farm and Garden Implements

Boys and girls you can have a miniature model of the famous Flexible Flyer FREE. Just send your request to the above address.

Flexible Flyer



the truer emotions. With Mr. Rhodes it is not just the old business of cattle rustlers and noble cowboys and six-gun men. He speaks of the large way of life, the loyalties and camaraderie. I'll be breaking down in a minute.

On to Washington

THE choice for Dictator narrows now between Huey Long and Walter B. Pitkin. This is not to say that I have given up on Huey. Quite contrary to what you might think, I contend his chances are good because of the washroom incident. Being one of the keenest judges of native American intelligence, I can see how Huey can make that sock in the eye the basis for a great uprising against the slickers of the metropolis, the common people against the ungodly, the United States against New York. . . . And naturally a campaign against the Jews on the theory that New York is one-third Jewish.

But Mr. Pitkin must be reckoned with. He wrote *Life Begins at Forty* (Simon & Schuster) and consolidated himself with the falling-hair generation. He can get the young people whenever he wants them for they are dumb to start with and will fall for flattery even more crude than that. His latest book, *More Power To You!*, just about clinches it. By washing your neck, cleaning your teeth twice a day and putting your extra pencils on the right instead of the left side of the desk when you work, it is only a question of time until you become Shakespeare. In this way he wins the vote of the writing profession, yearning and otherwise, which, according to my experience as an editor, must be in the neighborhood of a billion in this country alone. You can make of your job anything you care to, says Mr. Pitkin. This is excellent advice and should be a lesson to the loafers who insist on sleeping in the subway these winter nights just to spite people like Mr. Pitkin who are doing all they can to bring man to the peak of his development. Even without these subversive elements, Mr. Pitkin is made. Not even Tammany can count him out.

(For further notes, see page 45.)



Clear the track for Flexy Racer

Flexy Racer—twin brother of the famous Flexible Flyer. Flexy Racer—the Flexible Flyer on wheels—the fastest, smoothest, safest coaster in the world. Swings instantly from high to low speed—races like a thoroughbred, always under control—cuts the wind like a blade and stops in a split second.

Healthful fun from five to fifty. Light enough for boy handling—sturdy enough for man handling.

Silent as a high priced motor car—positive two-wheel brakes—balanced spring steering—live rubber tires—handles like Flexible Flyer. Made to use and made to last.

All yours for a merry Christmas—Flexy Racer.

Flexy Racer, the Flexible Flyer on wheels. And the new Flexy—a junior in age and a junior in price. Priced from \$5.95 to \$8.50.

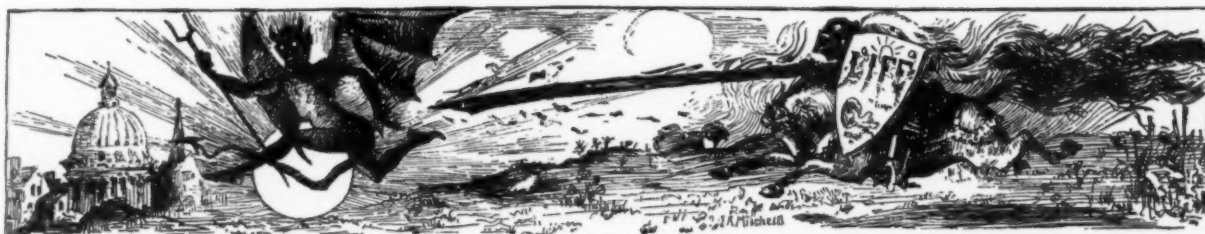
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Flexy Racer





"—and never darken my door again!"



DECEMBER, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Dry Wit NOW that it's all arranged, we can put down the office trumpet which has been tooted for repeal ever since there was anything to repeal, and consider one of the deflowered shrubs of the epoch just past. We've been following the crowds to the newsreel theatres lately to get a last final look at a bona fide prohibition lecture, a phenomenon about to disappear forever. Paramount seems to be responsible for the popularity of Dry leader harangues in the newsreels.

As we get the story from them, the box office appeal was discovered quite accidentally by their Detroit man, who went down to Indianapolis in June of '32 to film the Prohibition Party convention. After a futile attempt to drive the point home to the dry evangelists that news reels had to be short, he resignedly cranked out a good hundred feet more film than average news-shot length. Headquarters dubiously released the finished product, fully prepared to see it draw a blank.

The fickle public, however, consid-

ered it screamingly funny, and anticipated more prohibition reels with relish. The companies ground them out right and left. According to Mr. Dougherty of the Embassy Newsreel Theatre, who is keenly sensitive to audience reaction, Fox Newsreel scored heavily with their reel featuring a W.C.T.U. speakers' quartet. This reel, 310 feet long as against the average length of around 100 feet, opened to a faintly tittering and closed on a loudly guffawing audience. It was paid the compliment of being held over an extra week at the Winter Garden Theatre on Broadway, a distinction rarely accorded any newsfilm anywhere.

Mr. Schoening of the Broadway Translux Theatre rates Paramount's reel of Mrs. Harris Armor, the Georgia dry ace, high in entertainment value. Opening with a few scattered sniggers on:

If the 18th Amendment is ever repealed it will not be done, I assure you, with the help of the Sovereign State of Georgia, it throws the audience into the aisles with Mrs. Armor's chromatically accurate assurance that:—if you drink enough of it, it will give you a green brain, a red nose, a white liver, a

black heart, and a yellow streak clean through.

The prohibition die-hards may have a future in Hollywood.

Natural Oils

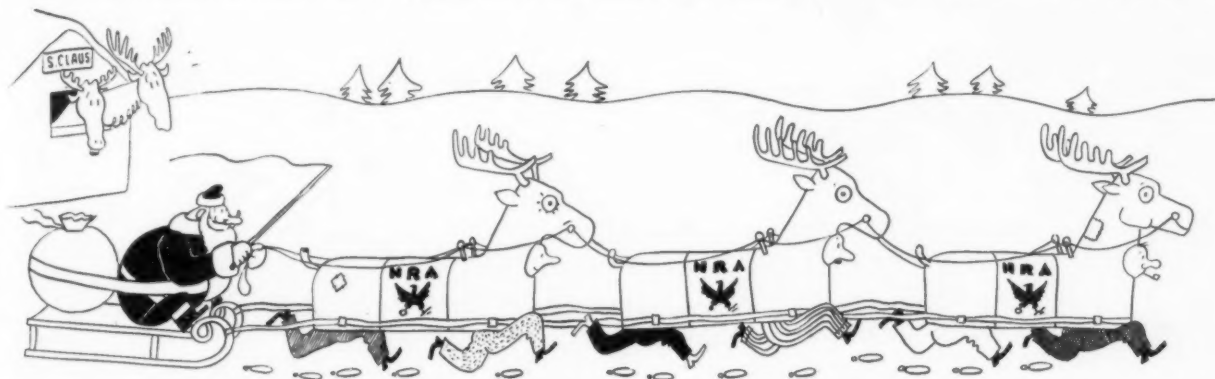
THE BOYS down at the Better Business Bureau are forever up to some prank to find out whether advertisers mean what they say or are kidding the public. In our favorite B.B.B. story the joke is on Charles-Of-The-Ritz, the cosmetic man. Charles sent out a letter that read:

Dear Madam:

All my life I've wanted to do it—and now I have! I'm so thrilled about this, my latest discovery, that I can't wait to tell you about it too.

Did you notice the little pad which is enclosed? . . . I call it the Revelateur, because it reveals to me the actual chemical constituents of your skin. It is specially treated so that it is as sensitive to the natural oils of your skin as a photographic film is to light.

Your part is simple. . . In the morning, wipe your face carefully with the Revelateur, pressing firmly on each side of the nose, over the



V. A. L. E.



"Speak!"

forehead, down the chin, and around the mouth. Then mail the pad to me at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. . . .

Faithfully,
Charles.

The letter and pad fell into the hands of one of the B.B.B. investigators around lunch time, so he took the Revelateur pad and rubbed it vigorously over the surface of the fried ham in his sandwich. It didn't seem very dirty, so when he got back to the office he wiped the top of his desk with it and mailed it to Charles. Charles wrote back promptly:

. . . this morning . . . the Revelateur Process made its diagnosis of your skin!

First the pad was placed in a shining glass tube, then saturated with a special solution that removed from the pad all the oils and secretions which it had absorbed from your skin. Slowly, slowly, these travel through spiral glass tubes, coming in contact as they pass with chemicals that separate them into their component parts. Finally they emerge, and are placed in still another and more delicate machine that gives a scientific analysis of their chemical constituents!

The Revelateur Process tells me that you have:

A Dry Skin With Blackheads

Charles took pretty much of a ribbing about it. He doesn't operate the Revelateur Process any more.

• •

Tom Sawyer, II IN THE COURSE of conducting this quizzical little department we are increasingly amazed at the tendency of some-of-the-people to fall headlong for the obvious swindle and shy suspiciously from the obvious gratuity.

So universal is the appeal of advertising promising to equip the reader to double his income, that the Instruction business is particularly infested with gyp schemes. A man on the upper west side of Manhattan (warning: this will tax your credulity) conducted a school of automobile washing, tuition \$10. He had a deal with a local garage to handle their auto-washing business at so much per car; cars to be washed by the students who were paying him to learn how to wash cars. . . . A Tractor School flourished on the basis of allowing four or five students to pay upwards of fifty dollars each for the privilege of taking a decrepit tractor apart and putting it together again. . . . Eight men in uniforms closely resembling those of the New York Fire Department fared nicely on the proceeds of selling tickets to a Benefit Dance to motorists. No dance was ever given. . . . After paying \$50 tuition to the Wanamaker School of Beauty Culture, several pupils had to abandon the course because the gas had been turned off. All these institutions have flourished.

By way of contrast we offer the plaint of a sales manager whose company maintained a booth at the World's Fair for the sole purpose of rendering an absolutely free service to all who cared to come in and get it. The jaded public was much too wise to be Roped In. The majority of the spectators strolled coolly past the free part of it with knowing smiles. *Very Clever*, they'd remark, sardonically. *A very CLEVER exhibit.*

• •

Average Waist WHILE pursuing our research on the Average Man, we hit upon a bit of information that may be useful as a check on the old waistline. If the midsection is beginning to lose the athletic proportions of yesteryear, better check up.

There is, we find, a definite ratio be-

tween height and waist measure that is just average. Men who calibrate *about* this ratio may rightfully be called paunchy. Those below may *not* be thus stigmatized.

According to Mr. Miller of Hart, Schaffner, & Marx, the largest selling suit size is 38. Size 37 is second, 40 is third. That means that the Average (Hrt, Schfnr, & Mrx) Man is about five feet nine and a half inches tall, and his waist measures about 33 inches. Alfred, Decker & Cohn officials verified these measurements for Society Brand—38 is the average suit, 33 inches the average waist.

Proceeding on the assumption that the circumference of the Average Man's trunks is about as close a check on his waistline as you can get, we called on Mr. Isaacs of the BVD Company. BVD's best seller is the 34-inch number. It would have been 33 if it weren't for the fact that BVD's are made in sizes divisible by two. So we feel justified in accepting 33 inches as the average waist.

Now if the Average Man is five feet nine inches, i.e., 69 inches tall, and his waist is 33 inches around, the ratio of height to waist is a little more than 2 to 1. Thirty-three gazzinta 69 twice, with a little left over. So—if your waist measure is more than half your height you can't evade the issue—you're tubbier than average and you have a paunch. Harsh words perhaps, but ir-



"I'm sorry but we won't be needing you any more."



"Hey, Sis, here's Charlie home from the Conservation Camp!"

refutable. A man would have to be eight and a half feet tall to justify a 48-inch waist. Theoretically.

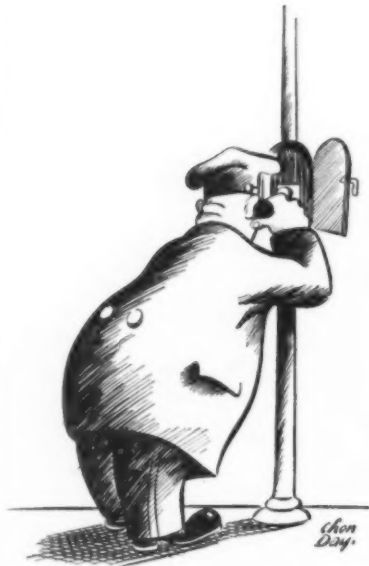
Permanent IN THE September issue **Confusion** under this heading we related how a beauty specialist named Antoine offers a permanent wave for 50c and then informs ticket buyers that *preparing* the hair for this permanent cost from two to five dollars. We gave you to understand that this is a racket and a gyp. It is. But what we have been asked to make clear is that Saks-Fifth Avenue has for more than 10 years maintained an establishment called *Antoine de Paris*, commonly known as *Antoine's*, which is in no way, manner, shape or form connected with the Antoine we exposed. Far be it from us to impugn dishonest or unfair trade practices to Saks-Fifth Avenue or Antoine de Paris.

Vive l'Antoine de Paris!

Charm **Test** **EXPERT** opinion has it that a woman is exactly two percent less charming if she stoops instantly to pick up something she's dropped instead of giving the nearest male a chance to be polite. This is according to Margery Wilson, the lady who makes other ladies charming by mail in ten lessons for fifteen dollars.

If some ladies are so charming to begin with that they don't need the course Miss Wilson has the situation in hand with the Charm Test. The Test weeds the sheep from the goats. If you're a goat you take the charm course and become a sheep.

Considering big words bad taste gives you two points on the Charm Test. Two more if your criticism of others is always constructive. If others cultivate your friendship after meeting you you bag five points, and cinching *Is your voice vibrant with Charm—sympathetic and cultured tones?* means eight whole credits. Can you carry on an hour's lively conversation with someone you've just met without talking about yourself? 3 points. Do you know how to call out the chivalry in men—cause them to be attentive to you? 3 points. Whooeee, what a flock of attitudinizing hypocrites the female sex would be if it lived entirely by the Charm Test!

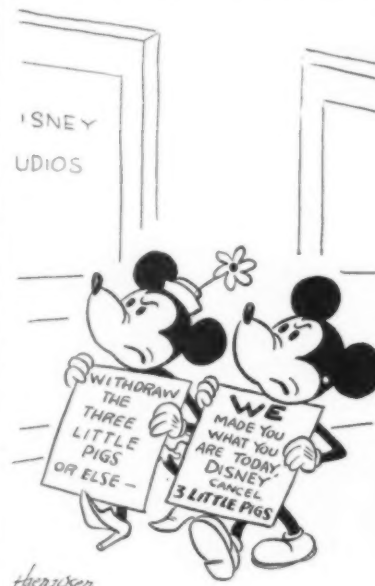


"You be good, too, captain."

Well, to carry on the research we took the Test over to one of the most thoroughly charming little ladies in the swim. First we tried her on, Do you know how to make your presence felt when you enter a room? She said sure. All you have to do is kick over a vozz, spill your drink, or scream. You get every eye.

We put her through the rest of the test and the poor little thing finished up only sixteen percent charming. Shucks.

Mental Hazard **THE CAMPAIGN** to make the public air-minded has been conducted, on the whole, very expertly. It doesn't tax



our memory unduly to recall the day when travel by air was generally regarded as mere crack-brained daredevilry. The fact that it is now as common as travel by rail, foot, bus, or pogo stick testifies that air-mindedness has jelled in the public consciousness.

For a long time, however, the airlines overlooked one large, black nigger in their woodpile. They forgot that getting a passenger aboard a plane was only half the battle. The rest of it is making him feel at ease after he gets there. The little packet on the back of each seat labeled, *For Your Convenience* in case of airsickness, was certainly not conducive to peace of mind. We recall our lofty contemplation of the paper bag, chewing gum, and pair of napkins on a New York to Boston plane, and our feeling that we had somehow violated the company's hospitality by not feeling the slightest vertigo during the entire hop.

It is to the credit of the National Air Lines, however, that they've realized that the paper bag demands a more subtle approach. The ominous *For Your Convenience In Case*—has been changed to a simple, *For Refuse*.

Hero **A SEEDILY** dressed, **Worship** owlish little man walked into a New York bank recently and hired a sizable safe deposit box. He was carrying a battered black bag. After the necessary papers were signed, the little man was shown through a number of steel doors, down into the vault, and directly to his newly-rented cubbyhole. He opened the black bag and placed its contents—a huge fist, cast in solid gold—in the safe deposit box. He explained that it was a cast of the right fist of Primo Carnera.

Any way you look at it, the little old man is a peculiar Joe. If he's a highly developed specimen of the genus hero-worshipper, *that's* peculiar. If, on the other hand, it's a smart system of gold-hoarding, *that's* peculiar. The zealous patriot who's reading over our shoulder suggests that the man be bopped over the head with the golden keepsake. He suggests as an alternative that Primo be engaged to do it with the original. Suggestion No. 2 is ruled out as economically unsound. One bop, and Primo's fee would cast the Statue of Liberty in platinum.



"Don't cry, son; you'll have plenty of time to be a kid when you grow up."



"Why Reverend, come in. You're a blessing in disguise!"

TRIMMINGS

10 A. M. Christmas tree arrives. Is quite mashed and shapeless and much larger than expected.

10:10 Search for trimmings begins. Mr. Jones says they're on top shelf of closet behind rubber boots. Mrs. Jones says they're in other closet under all those old hat boxes. They're in neither place. Search begins in earnest.

10:35 Trimmings discovered in attic under (a) box containing last year's Christmas cards which weren't used, (b) old shirt box containing nothing, (c) camera (broken), (d) bicycle pump.

10:40 Box of trimmings opened. Folded Christmas tree stand removed.

10:42 Mr. Jones pinches finger in stand.

10:45 Tree won't stand straight. Argument begins.

10:50 Argument ends. Decision reached to put folded paper under one leg of stand. Tree straight but wobbles.

10:52-11 All trimmings removed from box. Are as follows: (a) One star without anything with which to fasten

it to tree, (b) Six large glass balls (five broken), (c) Six small glass balls (three broken), (d) Masses of red stuff to drape on tree, (e) Masses of silver stuff to drape on tree, (f) Cord for lights, (g) Lights (two broken).

11 Mr. Jones tries to tie star on tree with piece of string. Fails. Goes off looking for picture wire.

11:05 Mrs. Jones starts to drape red stuff on tree. Red stuff comes off on everything. Also full of knots.

11:10 Mr. Jones returns. Could find no picture wire but will try safety pin.

11:15 Mrs. Jones decides silver stuff would be prettier than red stuff. Wonders why red stuff was ever bought anyhow.

11:20 Mr. Jones finishes pinning star to top of tree. Hopes it will stay. Turns attention to glass balls.

11:25 Mrs. Jones finds silver stuff worse than red stuff. Is tarnished and has more knots. Wonders why either darn red stuff or darn silver stuff was ever bought.

11:30 Star falls off. Mr. Jones drops

large glass ball. Busts it to smithereens. Goes off in rage for picture wire again.

11:32 Mrs. Jones gives up red and silver stuff and starts hanging three small glass balls.

11:35 Mr. Jones returns. No picture wire but will try paper clip.

11:36 Mrs. Jones begins draping light cord on tree. Asks if Mr. Jones has to joggle tree so much. He says he has to.

11:40 Star fastened to top of tree. Mr. Jones says he hopes it stays. Begins screwing lights in sockets on cord.

11:45 Lights all screwed in. Mr. Jones plugs cord in wall. Lights flicker slightly and go out. Mr. and Mrs. Jones begin looking to see if one is loose in socket.

11:48 Lights flicker again and go on. Go off. Go on. Stay on. They look pretty. Mrs. Jones decides to take another whack at red and silver stuff.

11:50 Star falls off. Mr. Jones accuses Mrs. Jones of knocking it off. Argument begins.

11:55 Lights go out. Desperate fussings with cord begin. Argument continues.

11:59 Lights still out. Stand slowly begins collapsing and tree falls down breaking (a) three small glass balls (b) half the lights.

12:00 Junior comes in to find (a) Mrs. Jones weeping, (b) Mr. Jones holding head in despair, (c) Christmas spirit entirely ruined.

—Louis Jammé.

UNITY

IN many parts of Mexico
The little children do not know
Of Santa Claus. Those girls and boys
Say Quetzalcoatl brings their toys.

And similarly, in Brazil
The thoughts of Santa Claus are *nil*.
These children think their gifts and
sweets
Are ancient Grandpa-Indian's treats.

Thus, round the world are Yule de-
lights
Bestowed by various sorts of sprites
Who, they may seem far apart,
Are homogeneous at heart.

For there's a common bond that rates
Them one with the United States,
With Mexico and with Brazil—
It's this—that *father pays the bill!*

—W. E. Farbstien.



The Guy from Mars

"Help me, somebody—he wants to start a new Dry movement!"



MUST THE STOMACH GO?

THREE or four days ago the present writer, under the impression that he was going to Times Square, was riding out to Brooklyn in a subway train when he chanced to overhear two taxpayers in conversation. "Listen," remarked the first, for such was his name, "I wished I had Rockerfeller's money." "Yeah?" demanded the second, "Rockerfeller only wishes he had your stomach!" "He has," confessed the bewildered knave. Much to my embarrassment the pair turned and asked me to settle their dispute. I applied a pocket fluoroscope to the belly of the first man and discovered that he had gotten Rockerfeller's stomach by accident in a checkroom instead of his own. I rushed to the nearest free telephone, called a certain old party in Ormond Beach, Fla., and managed to get my client's stomach back and no questions asked. Which is why I receive a three pound duck every Christmas from my nameless friend in the subway.

I tell this ghastly little yarn to illustrate how Mr. Average Citizen is begin-

ning to baby his stomach as Repeal looms. Daily hundreds of pitiful letters pour in from people begging me to aid them. A man signing himself Furtwaengler Gleason II (odd name, by the bye) pleads "What can I do? Every time I take a drink I fall on my face with drunkenness. Is this an existence? Help! Help, they're killing—" The letter ends suddenly, almost as if somebody had fired a shot or taken one. I know just how Mr. Gleason feels. All I can suggest is that he take a piece of butter or a spoonful of olive oil before he starts drinking. This will either kill the desire to drink or Mr. Gleason. Anything which coats the stomach with a slippery surface is valuable for such a case. By coating the stomach, of course, I do not mean its outside. You can rub a piece of butter

on your stomach if that's your idea of a good time; you can also go to hell for all I care—I've had enough of your beefing around the house sitting with your feet in the oven. And please pull down the shade when you go in there. It looks nice for the neighbors,



doesn't it, a big boy like you laying with his feet in Mamma's oatmeal cookies all day?

AND while I think of it, there is one real reason for being thankful for Repeal and that is I won't have to drink any more of that horrible yellow liqueur with a tree covered with rock candy growing inside. If you have ever eaten one of those bottles with a ship model in it, the effects is exactly the same. My appendix is full of little branches from hundreds of bottles of Fiori d'Alpini I have had to drink to avoid hurting people's feelings, and now I'm through.

Beginning the sixth of December I don my red woolen mittens and leggings, get my Flexible Flyer "Snow Queen" out of the cellar, and settle down in front of the fire with a barrel of Old Overholt. You can be perfect of Rome—I'd rather be a big frog in a small pond of Pennsylvania rye.

—S. J. Perelman

"Where Do You Keep Your Securities and Other Valuables?"

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York

I KEEP my rubber plant upon The radiator in the sun. And when I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep. I keep my liverwurst and beer And Camembert and Roquefort here Inside the ice box, which is not A foolish or unlikely spot You must admit. . . . My wanton wiles, My nods and becks and wreathed smiles, Such as they are, I keep on tap For use when I ascend the lap Of this, the apple of my eye. And him I keep as often by My side as I can get him there. . . . My teeth, my nails, my health, my hair, I keep in shape as best I can, Which seems a reasonable plan.

And though it's possible I've missed Some items from this modest list Of valuables with which I'm blest, You needn't fret about the rest.

—Margaret Fishback.

THE KIDDIES' CHRISTMAS

LITTLE John came downstairs last Christmas and cried bitterly when he saw his presents. Prominent among them was an Indian suit, brilliantly red and yellow, with a cap and tail feathers. A brown cardboard hatchet completed the ensemble.

He had wanted to be a gangster. Among other things he had asked his father for a submachine gun and a spot.

"What the hell do you mean, a spot?" his perplexed parent had asked him. "What do you want with a spot?"

"I want something to put mugs on to rub them off'n," the little fellow had replied manfully.

The progressive, red-blooded youth of the neighborhood were at the moment being mobsters. Little John had aspired to become Mike the Pipe or Dan the Dope, and here his mother and father had made him Sitting Bull, a museum piece.

Any normal adult should have known that Indians are duck soup to gangsters. Why, the Rover Boys and the Boy Scouts clean up on them regularly. They have even been known to

run from Elsie Dinsmore. Indians are treacherous, socially inelegant, and notoriously bad marksmen. Their "molls" are, also, nothing to speak of.

While the other lads muscled in on an ice wagon, Little John, in order to remain in character, would have to skulk in the background, peering over the top of a lilac bush and limiting himself conversationally to an occasional "ugh".

One can't overemphasize the need for psychological discernment in the choice of children's Christmas presents. Opposed as they might have been to their precious' becoming a hoist guy, even in play, Little John's parents might have compromised—on a cowboy, for instance.

A week or two before Christmas the old man might have remarked over his morning paper:

"I see where the cowboys out in the Middle West are cleaning up on the gangsters. The *Times*' correspondent says that cowboys are a lot better than

gangsters and you know how right the *Times* always is."

Little John would have become quickly reconciled to a cowboy suit because everyone knows that a cowboy is not only a dead shot but invariably a prince of a fellow.

The psychologists are again urging this year—Good Lord, is there *no* unemployment among these fellows?—

that children's gifts offer greater opportunity for self-expression.

This brings to mind almost immediately the drum. The drum is the ace of inferiority-complex destroyers, even more effective than the time-honored saucepan and cooking spoon or the toy accordion in which one note always

sticks; and it is peculiarly suited for early evening play after father has come home from the day's prowling.

But for all-around self-expression nothing quite compares to the tool box. With a double-bladed hatchet and a rip saw it's no trick for the truly enterprising youngster to have a leg off the grand piano by noon of Christmas day. The child of a neighbor of mine expressed himself right through the floor of one room into the ceiling of another with a brace and bit twenty-eight minutes after opening his presents last year, which may be a record.

HOLDING out wide opportunity for self-expression along more artistic lines is the conductor's ticket punch. I had one of these when I was a boy and I spent considerable time making comparative tests of the punch-resisting qualities of various papers and textiles. I experimented painstakingly on blotters, the evening paper, sheets and pillow cases, the embroidery on guest towels, my mother's fur coat, a pair of the maid's stockings and finally my father's patent-leather pumps.

This particular punch bit out star-shaped mouthfuls and I contrived a rather pretty design around the top of the pumps; a little unevenly spaced perhaps, but esthetically honest. My rather splendid progress toward a meteoric railway career was unfortunately terminated, however, by a burglar who broke into the house one night and stole the punch. As nearly



"We must find some way to improve our leisure."



"We promised the kids an electrical Christmas."

as I could learn from Father the next morning, he had taken nothing else.

Little girls find the greatest avenue of self-expression in a pair of bright new scissors and learn readily how to cut out patterns. My own child once fashioned my wife the most ingenious petticoat out of a bed-spread you could wish to see and made me a very nice dress scarf out of the lower part of one of the living room drapes—all in one afternoon.

Little girls are equally dexterous with the needle and thread and are early capable of sewing your vest to the top of your trousers so you can get into them simultaneously like a one-piece dress.

FOR the guidance of parents who want to put their Christmas buying on a truly scientific basis this year, I have included the following list of acceptable presents for children of all ages:

Babies: Old newspapers sufficiently well shredded to be easily masticated.

From One to Two Years: A set of colored crayons and newly-papered walls. Iron trains which can be left in dark hallways outside bathroom doors. Moulding clay, which can be ground into Oriental rugs or taken internally.

From Three to Four Years: Drums,

whistles, tin trumpets. Sailboats and rubber duckies to be left in bathtubs. Sand piles which can be introduced into the house via overall pockets. Cloth books which have to be read aloud from cover to cover every evening before teepy bye.

From Four to Six Years: A 95-cent alarm clock for disassembling. Toy ranges on which to make choclut pud-dy. Kiddie cars, pull toys, slides, seesaws and house-keeping toys for display in the living room.

From Six Years On: A separate abode for parents.

—Doug Welch.

Disjointed Dialogue

(Compiled from Various Sources)

"WHEN I married Aimée, I married the whole Angelus Temple."

—David Hutton.

"I want people to know me as I really am."

—Aimée McPherson.

"Aimée never saved nobody."

—David Hutton.

"It is not as an actress that I go before the footlights."

—Aimée McPherson.

"In California, all kinds of people are divorced."

—David Hutton.

"Do you really think Prohibition will be repealed?"

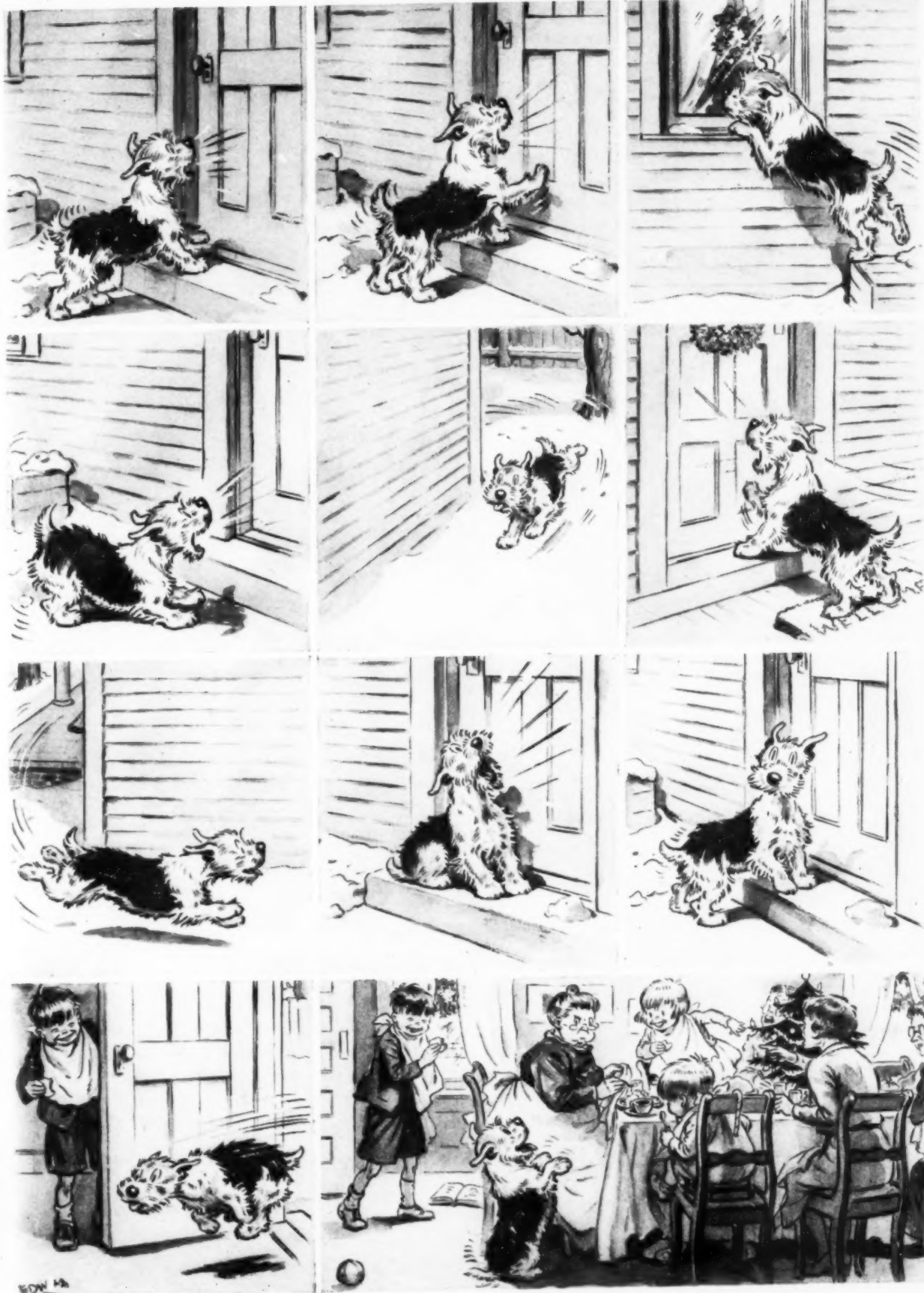
—Aimée McPherson.

"I can get along without Aimée."

—David Hutton.



"I rolled this snow ball around the coal yard; now we can make a snow man."



Sinbad



"I've got Snodgrass worried."

NEXT?

Peter Freuchen, Danish scientist and explorer, named a peninsula, which he discovered in Greenland, after Marion Davies, Hollywood screen actress.

IN exploration's days of yore
Some men, acclaimed stout-
hearted,
Would spend a year or maybe four
In sailing realms uncharted.
Reluctantly we must confess
That they were pikers, more or less.

Inquiry may be made by one
At risk of seeming narrow:
What did Cortez or Ericson,
Magellan or Pizarro,
Or C. Columbus ever do
But find a continent or two?
Not one of those historic chaps
Who thought far seas alluring,
While he was altering the maps
Did anything enduring. . . .
Could they have flipped Time's blotted
page

They would have learned much from
this age.

Our country might have borne the
name
Of old Columbus' sweetie;
De Soto could have raised to fame
A Carmen, blond and meaty;
But evidently no one knew
That was the proper thing to do. . . .

L'Envoi

Exploring's technique of today
Has made me greatly hanker
To learn the game, that I may pay
A tribute to my banker—
I'll sail up past the Arctic rim
And name an iceberg after him!

—E. B. Crosswhite.

There is talk of the bustle coming
back in women's styles. We'd rather
see it return in business.

You'll know Prohibition has been
repealed when they start closing the
bars at one o'clock.

WINTER SPORTS FORECASTS

Ice-Skating

SCORES of men and women—whose bones are as brittle as the lead of a pencil with which one tries to write a hurried note—will return to the ice-skating rinks this winter, proving among other things that time heals all wounds. They will say, upon returning to their homes, that they feel ten years younger, but they will sink into their softest chairs with the creaky care indicative of added rather than subtracted years. That will be the Spartan in them.

In every well-populated rink, there will be a minority who skate swiftly and gracefully and a majority who only hope to be agile enough to keep out of the way. Among the latter will be those who skated well in their youth but have permanently lost the knack; those who skated for the first time last year and who thought they were getting the hang of it just when the Spring thaw came; those who are beginning to wish they hadn't been so voluble in telling their companions how they simply lived on skates at college; and those who are just out for the fresh air. The last will display marked aptitude for colliding violently with others, but the entire group will be notable for well-turned ankles, braces or no braces.

The costumes worn by the skaters will be varied, running the gamut from colorful ensembles purchased especially for the occasion at exclusive shops to undistinctive garments resurrected from the attic or its equivalent. Most of the fancy skating will be done by those in garb of the latter sort, but there will be at least one girl in a flame-colored outfit whose speed will make it difficult for the eyes of the men to follow her. The skates in use will range from rusty, clamp-on "rockers" to flashing hockey shoe skates, alike only in their treachery. Noses, though, will be uniformly red.

—John C. Emery.

No Sleeves on Eve

THE while I envy Mother Eve
Her gala dress and finished tact,
I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
Although I know it for a fact
That simple-minded girls who do so
Are apt to live the life of Crusoe.

—Margaret Fishback.



THE
GEORGE
WASHINGTON

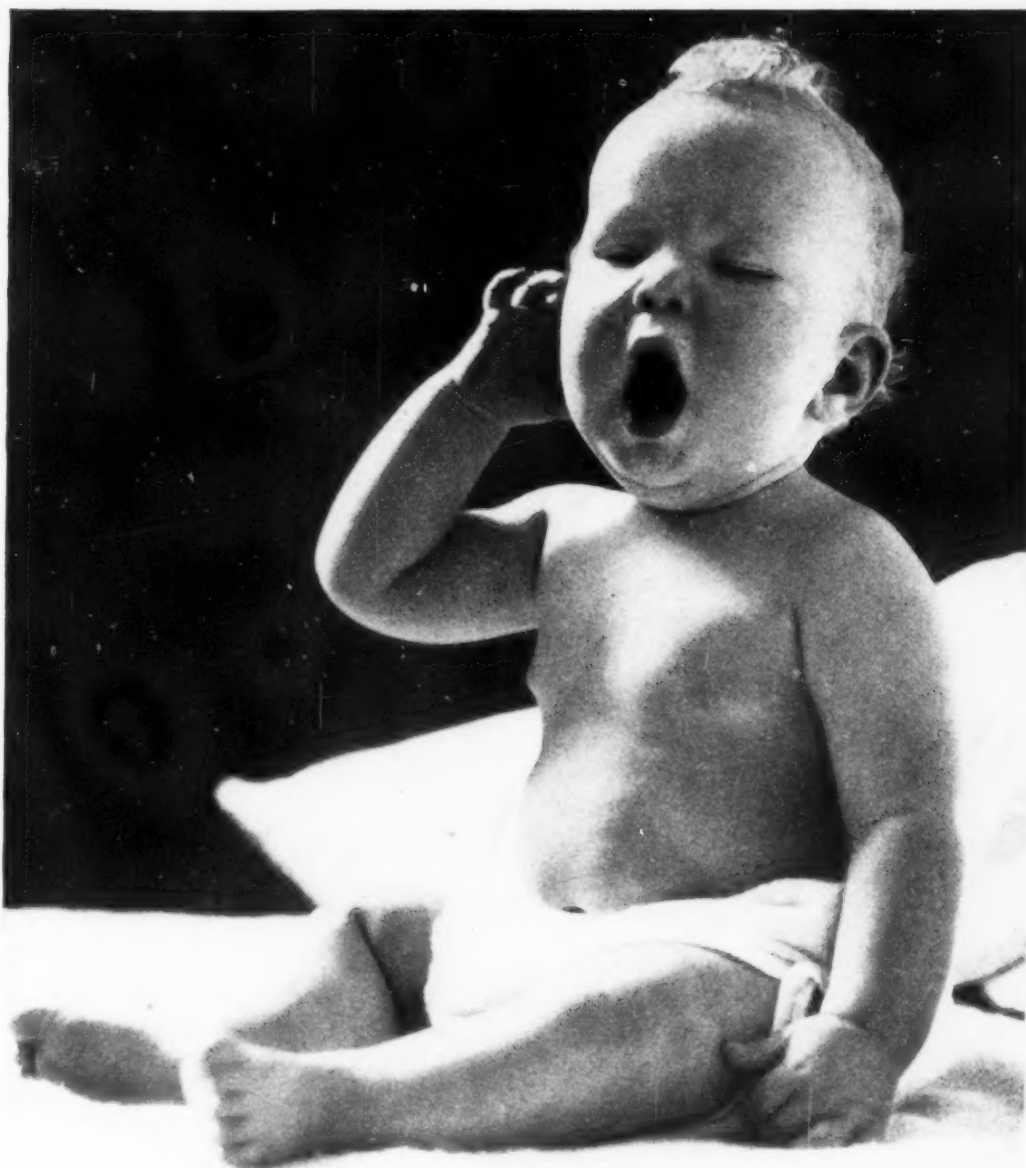
•
THE
SPORTSMAN

•
THE F. F. V.

*The Finest Fleet
of Air-Conditioned
Trains in the World*

Serving

Washington
New York • Philadelphia
Cincinnati • Louisville
Cleveland • Detroit
Columbus • Toledo
Chicago • Lexington
Indianapolis • St. Louis
Norfolk • Newport News
Richmond • Hot Springs
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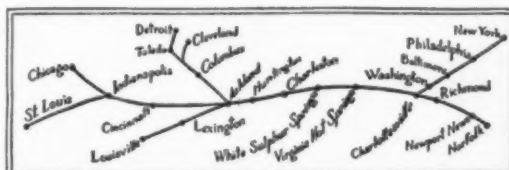
“Why doncha come up 'n' see me sometime?”

Little Mae is a sweet child. Her vogue in curves is all her own. And when she travels, her mother invariably chooses the genuine air-conditioned trains of the Chesapeake and Ohio, because Mae stays immaculate, supremely comfortable and agreeable. As for sleep—she just can't get enough of it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The ticket agent of any railroad can route you on the
Chesapeake and Ohio. . . . INSIST UPON IT!

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO





Life's Repeal Celeb



Repeal Celebration

(For key, see page 30)

I'm Heading for the Last Hook-Up

OH, I'm headin' for the last round-up, round-up, round-up. Get along, little doggie, get—that will do. Forget about that song. It's a good song, though. Sure. It's a swell song. It was swell the first time I heard it. It was swell the tenth time. It was O.K. the hundredth time. Yeah, and de-da-de-da for the la-a-a-ast time. . . . For the last time if I hum that song in my mind any more I'm going nuts.

You mean you've gone nuts already. I'll bet the steers have gone nuts too, and the little doggie. The nice little doggie. I wonder what kind of a doggie he is. He's on station WWW and YYYY and KKKK and WABCD-EFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. All the time he's on all the stations. Get along, little doggie, get along. I

haven't anything against you, but I hope you get fleas. I hope you have to sit in front of a loudspeaker and hear that song for three hours steadily.

Now, I'm headin' for the la-aast—why does that one note have to go up like that? Why can't it go down like laaa-ast? Why can't it just go sideways the way a good normal note ought to go, or just stand still all the way through the "last"? A shoemaker should stick to his last. So should a note. So should a cowboy—he should stick to his la-aast round-up. There you go again, letting that tune run through your head.

It's run through for a week now. Yeah, there's plenty of room for it to run in without even bending its head or slowing up for the corners, but what good does that do? What harm does it do? Plenty. If it runs through my head why can't it go out the other

side—in one ear and out the other—like a corn borer? Does that help any? I'm headed for the la-aast corn borer. . . . That doesn't make sense. You're telling me?

Maybe it would have been better if I'd never heard that song. Maybe it would have been much better. Maybe I've heard for the la-aast time, and te-tum te tum te te tum te tum—aw nuts! Think up some other song. Think of "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Ah, "Yes, we have no bananas for the la-aast—" . . . No no. No. I'm all right. Get along little nursie, get along, little nursie, get along. I'll recover by spring.

—Parke Cummings.

Very Little Thought

THOUGH I have heard That men will hurt you, us Women find Life Dull if virtuous.

—E. L. C.



"Don't take a plane, darling. Think of me and the children."



*YOU'LL have to use your imagination
on this page because the laws of your state
prohibit our reproducing
the advertisement scheduled for it.*



Read LIFE Regularly!



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

JOHN BARLEYCORN & COMPANY,
Distillersville,
U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

I just came home from the polls. If you can add up to thirty-six, you know well enough what I've been doing there. I want to write you what I'm thinking about now, while everything is fresh in my mind.

Yes, I chucked out Prohibition—gun, still and needle. It was a bad guess all right. It brought me a heap more trouble than I bargained for. It got me so sick and tired of ganging and gunning and gypping I thought I'd go crazy. I couldn't stand it any more. So I gave it the air.

Now I'm giving you a chance. You can walk right into a good business all waiting, head up and paying your way, and make a nice profit out of it if you handle it right. But before you start I want to say a thing or two. If I were you I'd look up from my gauging a minute and listen.

You had a chance once before and muffed it. You muffed it because your reach outran your reason. You got greedy and ambitious. You offended decent opinion. You got to mixing in and running elections. You forgot you owed the other fellow a break. You thought you were boss, instead of me. Maybe you've forgotten that. I haven't.

If you're smart you won't make those mistakes again. You'll mind your own business and respect mine. You'll realize some of us don't like you. You'll remember some of us can't handle you. You'll take mighty good care not to make a pass at our kids or our women. You'll speak low and act mannerly. You'll come in where you're invited and stay out where you're not wanted. You'll make a real try to deserve your privilege.

I'm telling you these things because I hope you make good. I want you to make good. I want to be able to feel this liquor business is in good, firm, decent hands, so I can forget it and put my time on something else. I'm helping you, and I want you to help me. If you do that I'll see that you get along all right.

But, as your best friend, I want to warn you. I've changed once and I can change again. I hope I don't have to, but it's up to you. Treat me right and I'll return the courtesy. After all, you're riding on my ticket, and all I ask is that you don't force me to exercise the cancellation clause. So go to it, and good luck!

Sincerely,

U. S. CITIZEN.



"Here's How!"

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

I WAS downtown this aft doing some Christmas shopping, and am I a wreck! It wasn't so much the shopping that shot me, it was the effect of watching all those people rushing around the stores like chickens with their heads off. Honestly, it's wearing. Maybe I'm just sensitive because I have fallen arches, but it does seem to me that what this country needs is to slow down a little. Take it easy, as it were.

The trouble with us Americans is we're so doggone impulsive about everything. We're impulsive about getting married, and divorced, and even about dying. Gosh, hardly anybody these days dies in bed. They step in front of a truck or crash in an airplane, but as for just quietly lying down and croaking, why it simply isn't being done any more.

It's rush, rush, rush, all the time. Look at the advertising testimonials, for instance. Glance through most any magazine and you'll see where Miss B. of Boston added two inches to her bust line in two weeks. Or Mrs. P. of Peoria reduced fifty pounds in two months. Or Mr. H. of Hartford grew a whole new head of hair in less than a year. Really, doing things in such a hurry has turned us into a nation of nervous wrecks.

Percolating at a high rate of speed may be OK for those of us who are

peppy, but what about the suffering millions of Americans who are by nature slow movers and ditto thinkers? It's mighty tough on them. I know of one lad who is all shot to pieces from trying to keep abreast of the times. He no sooner mastered backgammon than backgammon went out. It took him twenty lessons to learn to do the tango, and

now nobody tangoes. The same thing has happened with ping pong and miniature golf and anything else you can mention. No wonder the poor guy's on the verge of the jitters!

And take for example, I've been going places lately with an awfully sweet boy named Bill who is the type of person who should never drive faster than twenty-five miles an hour. But of course no red blooded American ever



"Melvin, honey, if only you had a little more verve!"

drives less than forty. The result is, a trip downtown in a car with Bill is simply a series of smash ups. Whenever I have a date with him I dress with care from the skin out because we're practically certain to wind up in the hospital. I'm trying hard not to let it affect my feelings towards Bill, but, really, after a while that sort of thing kind of gets you.

Then there is the sad case

of another boy I know, Eddie Jones. He is one of these large placid types that in some other country would be a dignified ornament to any party. But who the heck wants a dignified ornament at a party in *this* part of the world? Poor Eddie. Nature never meant him to be a live wire, and he's gotten all unbalanced attempting to be one. I was talking to his girlfriend the other day. She was bitter about it.

"Honestly," she told me, "it's terrible! I'm afraid to take him anywhere! Whenever Eddie tries to act peppy, he ends up by falling down a flight of stairs or breaking the furniture. He's nothing but a big gawk!"

The truth is, Eddie is not a gawk. He is simply a low gear boy trying to get along in a high gear country. People like Bill and Eddie are the real Forgotten Men of America.

IT does seem a crime when you consider the number of terribly nice boys who have to stay in the stage line most of their lives merely because they're a trifle heavy on their dogs and sticky in the mental machinery. So, seeing as Christmas is right around the corner, I think we should all get together and show a little Good Will Toward the Forgotten Man.

This seems to me to be an awfully good time to try it. Because personally I just know I'm going to be full of good will toward all men, until Christmas morning, anyway!



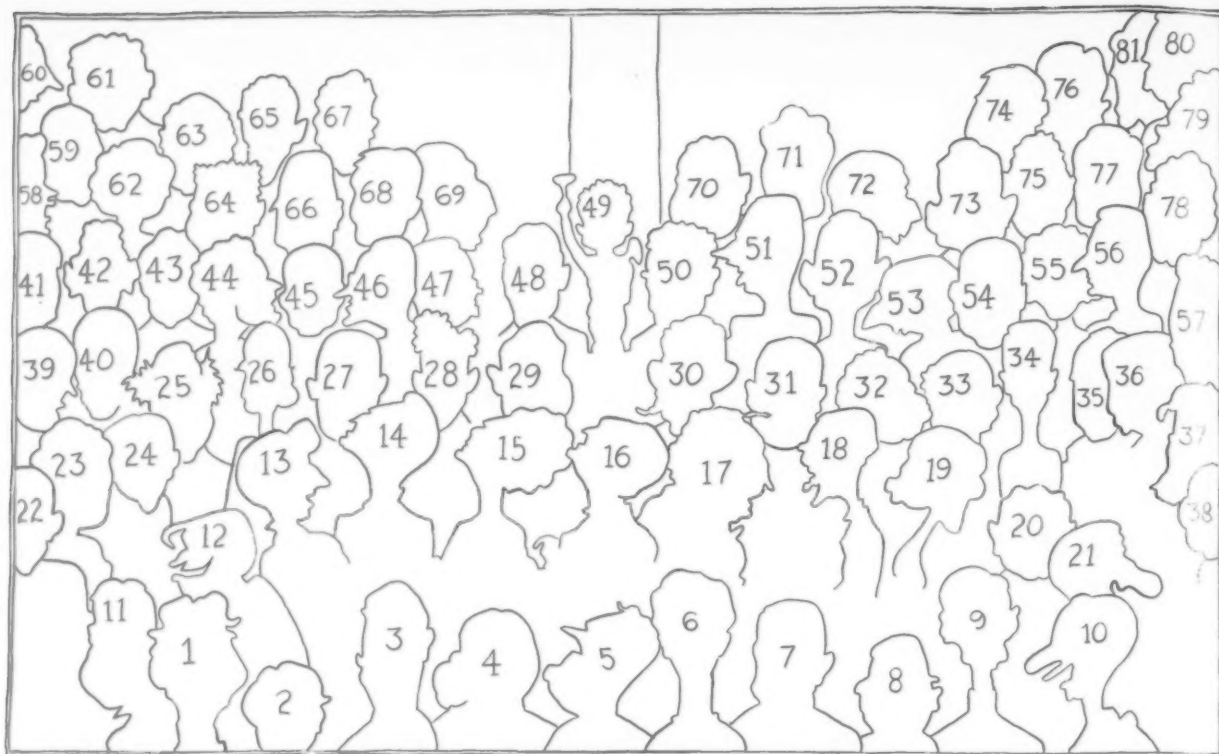
"Well, I guess the doctor was right. He told me I was too nervous to drive a car!"



*If you would like to see the advertisement
scheduled for this page,
borrow a copy of this issue of LIFE
from a neighbor in a Wet State.*

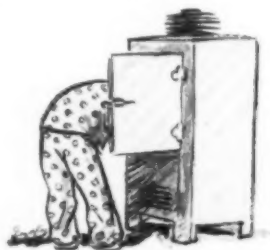


Read LIFE Regularly!



Key to LIFE's Repeal Celebration (pages 22 and 23)

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. William E. Borah, senator. | 37. Eugene O'Neill, psychoanalyst. | 61. Henry Ford, manufacturer. |
| 2. Jackie Cooper, cinestar. | 38. Otto Kahn, banker. | 62. Ella Boole, crusader. |
| 3. Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice. | 39. Grantland Rice, sportsman. | 63. Nicholas Murray Butler, educator. |
| 4. Herbert Hoover, citizen. | 40. Ely Culbertson, movie star. | 64. Milt Gross (see page 15). |
| 5. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Chief Executive. | 41. Dorothy McKay, artist. | 65. Robert E. Sherwood, playwright. |
| 6. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, writer. | 42. Harry Haenigsen, caricaturist. | 66. J. P. Morgan, midgeteer. |
| 7. Hugh Johnson, dictator. | 43. Edwina, creator of Sinbad. | 67. Aimee Semple McPherson, vaude-villian. |
| 8. John Nance Garner, the forgotten man. | 44. Russell Patterson, shirt designer. | 68. Bobby Jones, golfer. |
| 9. Andrew Volstead, glorious in defeat. | 45. E. S. Martin, LIFE's first editor. | 69. George Arliss, actor. |
| 10. Al Smith, Chief Wabaacheechee. | 46. Henry A. Richter, LIFE's business manager. | 70. Charles Schwab, steel magnate. |
| 11. Albert E. Ritchie, governor. | 47. Jos. A. McDonough, LIFE's advertising manager. | 71. Katharine Cornell, actress. |
| 12. Will Rogers, poloist. | 48. Fred C. Francis, chairman LIFE's board. | 72. John D. Rockefeller, dime magnate. |
| 13. Gar Wood, speed demon. | 49. LIFE, master of ceremonies. | 73. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Radio Cityite. |
| 14. John Barrymore, prince. | 50. Clair Maxwell, LIFE's president. | 74. Fiorello H. LaGuardia, mayor. |
| 15. Ethel Barrymore, queen. | 51. George T. Eggleston, LIFE's editor. | 75. Jack Dempsey, boxer. |
| 16. Lionel Barrymore, king. | 52. Prof. Gurney Williams, LIFE's associate editor. | 76. Clarence True Wilson, moralist. |
| 17. Heywood Broun, columnist. | 53. Don Herold, LIFE's dramatic critic. | 77. F. Scott McBride, anti-salooner. |
| 18. Andrew Mellon, Pittsburgher. | 54. Kyle Crichton, LIFE's book reviewer. | 78. Morris Sheppard, senator. |
| 19. Katharine Hepburn, meteorite. | 55. Marge, "From Me to You." | 79. Marie Dressler, actress. |
| 20. Babe Ruth, swat king emeritus. | 56. Dr. Seuss, animal fancier. | 80. Walter Winchell, peeper. |
| 21. Jimmie Durante, Broadwayite. | 57. H. T. Webster, the timid soul. | 81. O. O. McIntyre, paragrapher. |
| 22. Bishop Cannon, bishop. | 58. Gene Tunney, bibliophile. | |
| 23. Mae West, fashion pace setter. | 59. William Randolph Hearst, news tycoon. | |
| 24. William Woodin, guitar player. | 60. Rube Goldberg, inventor. | |
| 25. Ed Texaco Wynn. | | |
| 26. Greta Garbo, homebody. | | |
| 27. Paul Whiteman, fiddle player. | | |
| 28. Rudy Vallée, Yale alumnus. | | |
| 29. Pussyfoot Johnson, gumshoer. | | |
| 30. Alfalfa Bill Murray, militiaman. | | |
| 31. James A. Farley, stamp dealer. | | |
| 32. Wallace Beery, tough guy. | | |
| 33. Clarence Budington Kelland, Dutch Treafter. | | |
| 34. Beatrice Lillie, comedienne. | | |
| 35. Raymond Moley, magazine editor. | | |
| 36. Arthur Brisbane, writer. | | |



Telegrams were received from the following:

Margaret Fishback, Ed. Graham, Lester Gaba, Harry Evans, Albert Villé, Alice Hughes, Mussolini, S. J. Perelman, Robert Day, George Price, Frank Crowninshield, Amelia Earhart, H.R.H. Prince of Wales, Charles A. Lindbergh, Adolf Hitler, Richard Decker, F. G. Cooper, Charles Dana Gibson, I. Klein, E. Simms Campbell, Arthur Kudner, Walt Disney, Herbert Henderson, Mickey Mouse, Maurice Chevalier.

Great Minds at Work

"THERE is much I do not understand."

—Clarence Darrow.

"I'm beginning to think every business under the sun—including politics—is some kind of racket."

—Col. Franklin S. Hutchinson.

"Italian opera is different from German."

—Giuseppe Bamboschek.

"The man who takes a brandy around the evening meal time is a worthy citizen."

—H. L. Mencken.

"Capitalism is in a position of dubious convalescence."

—Leon Trotsky.

"If every one has plenty of legal tender on hand, no one will need credit."

—General Jacob S. Coxey.

"No one likes taxes unless they hit the other fellow."

—Samuel Untermyer.

"Taxes are the same the whole world over."

—John P. O'Brien.

"In all frankness, I have no political ambition."

—Joseph V. McKee.

"Baer is just a big, crazy kid who likes to strut and pose."

—Primo Carnera.

"Liquor sold by a bishop has the same effect on a drunkard as liquor sold by a burglar."

—"Pussyfoot" Johnson.

"I am tremendously strong for motion pictures."

—Mae West.

"The motion picture is no field for acting."

—George Arliss.

A Friend in the house

"It would be a hardship for me to be without a telephone. Each evening, you see, my son calls up to chat with me. That is the brightest spot in my day."

"Mother, wouldn't it be awful without a telephone? That ice cream would never have come for the party if we hadn't called up about it."

"... then Jim grabbed the telephone and called the doctor. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what would have happened to Doris."



THERE are many fine things in life that we take almost for granted. Health, water, sunlight, green fields, loyal friends, a home to live in. . . . Not until some mischance deprives us of these priceless possessions do we learn to esteem them at their true value.

It is in much the same manner that most people regard the telephone. Each day, each week, each year, they use it freely, casually, as a matter of course.

To keep friend in constant touch

with friend, to help manage a household smoothly and efficiently, to give larger opportunity to business of every kind, to protect loved ones in time of danger. . . . this is the task of the telephone.

It stands ever ready to serve you—to carry your voice to any one of millions of other telephones in this country or in foreign lands. You are in touch with everything and everybody when you have a telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



"I'm just a common garden variety of American citizen."

—Herbert Hoover.

"If at the end of the year we had seventy-five thousand dollars we could call our own, I'd consider it a tremendous lot of money."

—Ely Culbertson.

"There has been an exodus of polecats from Louisiana."

—Huey Long.

"France has no desire to pay the war debt."

—James W. Gevard.

"A lot of people in politics refuse to take a stand on anything controversial."

—James A. Farley.

"I have solved all the world's problems time and time again."

—G. B. Shaw.



• THE • COLLEGE PARADE



GUARD: Sir, the prisoners are rioting again.

Warden: What's the matter now?

Guard: The chef used to cook for a fraternity.

—Michigan Gargoyle.

Maid: Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?

Man: That's no rug, that's my roommate's towel.

—Brown Jug.

First English Planter: Jolly little satisfaction you get out of these natives, eh, what?

Second Planter: Quite jolly.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

IF there is ever a time when a person's inner soul comes out it is in the Christmas cards which he sends. There is always one from the Garners whose daughter is going to art school and has supplied the family with cards which she made from a linoleum cut. The card contains a picture which suggests

an inverted ice cream cone surrounded by piles of coal. This keeps you guessing at first but you suddenly find that the scene is really a pine tree surrounded by snow banks. You make a mental note to mention to the Garners that you thought their card was especially beautiful and that Edith certainly does have a flair for art. If you don't the relations between you will probably be a bit strained for the next few months and you will be marked as a person who doesn't appreciate art.

Then, of course, Jim Henry, who fancies himself to be a real live wire, sends you a card showing himself rushing at you with mouth open and hand outstretched over an inscription in large letters wishing you a bang up Christmas, and a real peppy New Year.

Among the first cards to arrive is one from the Stotesburys which is about a foot square and contains an etching of a cathedral somewhere in France. The Stotesburys aren't quite sure where it is, but it's a wonderful picture because it cost so much. The Stotesburys feel that their card should be better than

the ordinary so you will have to mention this to them several times.

—Cornell Widow.

The moon is full of yellow beams!

The mountain's full of ledges!!

And somehow, by a streak of luck

Our house is full of pledges!!!

—California Pelican.

"I want this meal put on the cuff."

"Sure, I'll throw the whole thing in your lap, if you want."

—Yale Record.

POME

Why is it professors can wear purple ties,

Haphazard haircuts, and coats the wrong size,

Trousers too short, and color-schemes vile,

Yet bust me in English because of my style?

—Cornell Widow.

Prof.: I'll give you just one day to hand in that paper.

Stude: All right. How about the Fourth of July?

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Flippity (reading sign in the library): Only low talk permitted here.

Flop: Oke, then I will go on with the story that I was about to tell.

—Brown Jug.

1st Punster: I've got a date tonight.

2nd Convict: Fie; Fie!

1st again: No, Pi Phi.

Editor: Phoo!

—Cornell Widow.

Rastus, a darky, was sent home from school the first day with the following note from the teacher:

Dear Mrs. Jones:

Please give your Rastus a bath. He smells something awful.

Teacher.

Dear Teacher:

My Rastus ain't no rose. Don't smell him. Larn him.

Mrs. Jones.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



"I always hunt in a diver's outfit. If I get lost, I follow the air tubes back."

—Goucher Goofus.



*You would have gotten a big kick
out of the l-q-r advertisement
pulled out of this page
by local edict.*



Read LIFE Regularly!



"I'll take this one—but I know darned well my wife won't like it."

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

Installment No. 5

A BILL was introduced into the English Parliament to restrict the exportation of historic old English houses. Too many of them were being removed piecemeal to the estates of American millionaires.

Marquesan cannibals do not like to eat white men because they taste too salty. Papuan cannibals do not care to eat white men because their flesh is too tough and tastes of tobacco.

Thanks to the equal rights clause in the Spanish Constitution, women are no longer barred from the profession of bull fighter.

A billion electric bulbs burn out every day in the United States.

A fourth of the population of the United States attends school and it takes forty-six hundred dollars out of

American pockets every minute of the day, asleep or awake.

Only one-sixth of the students in the '33 graduating class of Princeton had ever grown a mustache.

The Nazi Government has forbidden the practice of "nudism" on the ground that it would deprive women of "their natural sense of shame."

The probate of the will of the deceased Sultan Kadjar of Persia had to be re-opened because he had absently-mindedly forgotten to mention two of his wives.

Gloria Swanson testified in court that she did not remember whether the salary she got for acting in "Loves of Sonia" was one hundred thousand dollars or a hundred and fifty thousand.

The suicide rate in the United

States has dropped four per cent since the inauguration of Roosevelt's New Deal.

Of our three hundred most successful American authoresses, less than fifty per cent ever went to college.

The first time a goldfish ever swam in a bowl in the United States was in 1874.

Columbus got a salary of a dollar a day while he was discovering America.

The first person that ever took out a life insurance policy died within the year.

One can produce fifty-three octillion different combinations in the hands held by a bridge foursome.

Only one out of every five American parlors is adorned with an evergreen tree at Christmas time.

—W. E. Farbstain.

Life's Fresh Air Fund Acknowledgments

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-six years. In that time it has expended over \$600,000 and has provided more than 56,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$17,433.09
Barrett, M. A., Minneapolis, Minn.	1.00
Cuff, James E., Hinsdale, Ill.	1.00
Eveleth, Mrs. C. E., Schenectady, N. Y.	5.00
Foster, Annie G., New York, N. Y.	10.00
Gartner, R. T., Winchester, Va. G. D., San Francisco, Calif.	12.00
Gordon, Alice, Constance, Francis and Graham38
Hadden, Mrs. Howard S., Kingstree, S. C.	10.00
In Memory of F. W. J. and N. N. J.	1.50
Lindabury, Geo. Co., Pottersville, N. J.	5.00
McCarty, Mrs. E. W., White Plains, N. Y.	10.00
McCarty, T. T., Los Angeles, Calif.	1.00
Point o' Woods Assn., Church Fund	1.50
Speed, Virginia H., Louisville, Ky.	10.00
Wetmore, Buel, Tempe, Ariz.	2.00
Anonymous, New Canaan, Conn.	25.00
Anonymous, No. Hollywood, Calif.	5.00
Anonymous, Waterford, N. Y.	10.00
Anonymous, Watertown, Conn.	1.00
Anonymous, Wellesley, Mass.	10.00
Anonymous, Westport, Conn.	25.00
Total	\$17,589.47



Why Theodore Lost the Sale



THEODORE thought he had clinched the sale.

The lot was located exactly right for the new plant and he had old man Jameson in the front seat of his sedan, setting forth for a final look at the property.

As Theodore drove briskly along, calculating his profit on the deal, he puffed contentedly on one of Mr. Jameson's own imported perfectos. And suddenly a puff of wind blew off the long grey ash and deposited it neatly in Mr. Jameson's eye.

To make a long story short, Theodore lost the sale.

Now such a catastrophe could never have happened if Theodore had thought more about the comfort of his passenger and bought a car equipped with Fisher No Draft Ventilation.

This modern device assures plenty of fresh air without permitting the slightest draft to annoy a bald head or take liberties with a toupée.

Only General Motors cars are equipped with Fisher Bodies — and Fisher No Draft Ventilation.



NO DRAFT VENTILATION

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

A black and white photograph of the Chrysler Building at night. The building is the central focus, its Art Deco architecture clearly visible with its tiered structure and iconic spire. The building is lit up, with many windows glowing. The sky is dark and cloudy. In the foreground, there are blurred lights from other buildings and streetlights, creating a bokeh effect. The overall mood is dramatic and urban.

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

♠ 4-3-2
 ♥ 9-8-4-3
 ♣ 8-5-4
 ♦ 4-3-2

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ J-8-7
 ♥ 10-7-2
 ♣ A-K-J-10
 ♦ J-10-8

♠ A-K-10-9-5
 ♥ K-J-6
 ♣ 6-3
 ♦ A-Q-7

♠ Q-6
 ♥ A-Q-5
 ♣ Q-9-7-2
 ♦ K-9-6-5

"Ho, ho, ho!" North guffawed.

MILLENNIUM

"THIS is Miss Millbank," said Tom.

"How do you do," I said.

"How do you do," said Miss Millbank. Miss Millbank had a cast in one of her eyes. "I hope you can put up with my bridge," she continued.

"I'm sure I can," I said politely.

"I study the different systems," apologized Miss Millbank, "but sometimes I think I just haven't got good card sense." Her nose had apparently been run over by a steam roller.

"We'll get along fine," I promised (not convincingly). "Tom and Peggy really aren't so much," I said (something in jest).

"Perhaps we'll give them some trouble," opined Miss Millbank. She weighed close onto three hundred pounds, and waddled like a duck.

"Ever play duplicate?" I asked, by way of making conversation.

"Not if I can help it," averred Miss Millbank. "I like ordinary bridge much better." She was dressed in the style of the late nineteen-twenties, and her hair could have stood a little attention.

"Why?" I said.

"I like ordinary bridge better because it depends on the cards," she said. She had the ugliest hands I ever saw.

"Why?" I said again.

"Because," said Miss Millbank. "I always hold good cards."

"Did you say," I asked (very quickly), "that you hold good cards. You admit that?"

She nodded. "Decidedly. I don't do well at bridge, because I usually bid them and play them badly, but I get marvelous cards practically all the time. I've been lucky that way all my life. I have to admit it." She was, to put it briefly, as homely as a mud fence.

"Miss Millbank," I said. "Will you marry me?"

— Park Cummings.

Evolution

OUR parents went screwy
For Admiral Dewey
And later went daft over Taft.
They went into eulogies over the Cool-
idges
But us kids prefer Georgie Raft.

They went all to pieces,
Our nephews and nieces,
When Lindy made good on his test.
But now they're a-lather, a-dither,
a-dather
Over naughty, besottery Mae West.

—Robert Fender.

Is MEALTIME a Battleground in YOUR HOUSE?

This mothers' problem and 1,000 others are solved in a highly satisfactory manner by specialists in the four volumes

MOTHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

offered FREE with three years of

THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

If you are a slave to finicky appetites in your children this new reference work will tell you how other mothers have met and conquered it—These 4 large volumes will give you the expert counsel of 130 specialists in questions like these which assume large proportions in the life of every conscientious mother.

Temper Tantrums	Posture
Jealousy	Petting
Fear	Sex
Fighting	Colds
Fibbing	Underweight
Stuttering	Quarreling

In fact practically every family emergency which a mother has to meet is covered fully in the 1,000 pages and comprehensive index of these four volumes.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAID:

"You cannot really be a good mother if you are not a wise mother." How can you be a wise mother unless you are familiar with the accumulated knowledge of those who have paid in the school of experience and the findings of specialists in child welfare laboratories? The easiest, least expensive and best way to acquire the essential knowledge to be a really good mother is to own the "Mother's Encyclopedia" and keep up to the minute with THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE, all within the means of any sincere mother. You cannot afford to experiment with such an important job as motherhood.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

One thousand pages covering every conceivable topic concerning child welfare . . . THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE for five years has been a laboratory and clearing house for every new way to meet child rearing problems. The results of this research are now ready in the form of the first complete "Mother's Encyclopedia." You



will reach for it every time something disturbs the tranquillity of the family, the health and behaviour of your children. At the same time it will be picked up by parents for continuous reading. You can open these books anywhere and find useful suggestions. The subjects are arranged alphabetically. There is an exhaustive index of every important item touched upon. These four volumes are substantial, beautifully printed library volumes. The type is easy to read, 28 half-tone illustrations, decorative end papers, durable cloth binding, stamped in gold.

THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

is helping over 300,000 mothers with every child-rearing problem from crib to college. It brings every month the latest methods developed by leading educators, child specialists and thoughtful parents. The regular price of a subscription for THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE for three years is \$6.00 (single copy value \$9.00). You get these four large volumes FREE with a three-year subscription (36 issues) for \$5.50 or you can pay for it \$1.00 a month for six months. Very little to pay for the first and only complete "Mother's Encyclopedia" and three years of the magazine which mothers call an inspiration, guide and friend.



MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

The Parents' Magazine 1-12
114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

You may send me the new 4-volume Encyclopedia offered free with a 3-year subscription for THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE. If I am satisfied I will pay \$1.00 a month for 6 months, or \$5.50 in one cash payment. If I am not, I may return the books and cancel this order.

Name

Address

City State



GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Wish You Were Here

I WONDER if I'll get entertainment poisoning, going to so many good shows.

Oh, well, no matter. It has been a lot of fun being

this department lately. And I don't think I'm getting falling of the arched eyebrows; all of the real critics agree that it has become a great show season. It is hard to say whether good plays have brought a return to the box office or the return to the box office has brought good plays.

The peak of my pleasure was, I believe, *Her Master's Voice*, which I think should rate LIFE's laurels as the most amiable comedy of the new autumn. With Clare Kummer as its author, with Roland Young heading a perfect cast, and with roller skates under the hall table and a skooter under the bed in the children's room, it's practically ideal.

And it is ideal because it has a quality of true humor which Broadway enjoys in only one play in a thousand—humor which is not stimulated by irritating subject matter, as is the man-made humor of our current revues, humor not trying to shock, humor not trying to prove anything, humor not trying at all. It usually takes a woman to produce humor as pure and detached as this. There, I'm afraid I've spoiled it for you. You'll expect to roll out of your ermine wrap, and you won't. One of the charms of *Her Master's Voice* is that it is magnificently inconsequential. You may, in fact, not think that it amounts to a row of pins. If you want

horses, try something else.

Roland Young plays the part of a young father who has lost his job and can't seem to worry much about it. His wife's rich aunt (who has never seen him but has always objected to him) blows in and catches him in an apron, clearing the dinner table, mistakes him for a servant, fancies him, and hires him. A little later she invites Roland's wife (Frances Fuller) to come for a visit. Laura Hope Crews is the aunt, and she and Miss Fuller and Elizabeth Patterson and Frederick Perry help make it a stupendous evening, in a small way.

THERE is no author who can, within the same book or half hour or year, so utterly please me and so thoroughly irritate me, as Christopher Morley. And this goes for the Jean Ferguson Black play from his book, *Thunder on the Left*. It is half transcendently keen observation of this sigh within a yawn, and it is half annoyingly thick whimsy. And the deuce of it is, I don't know just where Morley begins to betray me and where I begin to betray him. One of us turns unfair at some point of the proceedings. I let go when the talk turned to that mouse which escaped from the mouse pattern on the nursery wallpaper when the room was repapered. And I failed him and Miss Black completely on such lines as "Don't forget the things I haven't told you." When you start out on an evening like this with somebody, you're bound to find yourselves down different alleys sooner or later, and, since it is usually the other fellow's party, it is apt to be you who feel dumb.

Up to a certain point I'd die for



It has been a lot of fun being this department lately.

Christopher Morley, and after that I could murder him.

I'D dislike any critic who would refer to *Three and One* as hot. I'd think he had a foul mind. And *Three and One* is much too playful to be called frank, because "frank" suggests the lecture platform. To me, this play seemed just the best ventilated, most open, most jovial picture of sex fun among intelligent people, that I can remember seeing. It is from the French, naturally, but without either that embarrassing smirk or apology which the usual translator usually leads to French frivols.

Lois Valois, an eminent dancer, had theories of eugenics similar to those of the late Isadora Duncan. Her three sons, now fine, grown, strapping fellows, exceedingly fond of her, were fathered in turn by a great financier, a great sportsman, and a great pianist. The three half brothers have inherited distinct characteristics from their respective fathers, and these characteristics come out in their approach to the lovely Yvonne Dallier, whom their mother has invited to her country house near Paris as a playmate for the boys. Needless to say, the second act brings the three young men and the girl into adjoining bedrooms. Much of the fresh air which blows through this frolic is due to the thoroughly ingratiating, almost ingenuous boyishness with which Brian Donlevy invests the part of the athletic, most physical, least serious, of the three half-brothers. Park the kiddies.

A STUDY in the higher aesthetics and lower perversions, wrought as finely as spun glass, is *The Green Bay Tree*, in which James Dale and Laurence Olivier render two of the outstanding performances of the season. Brilliantly conceived and mounted, and capably executed, this production never approaches that shock or nausea which might be expected (and perhaps hoped for by some) from a treatment of the subject it has chosen. I'd prefer an evening among the demented knickknacks of Mr. Joe Cook, or in the presence of the unquestionably gendered Miss Mae West, but to anyone wishing to be the thoroughgoing theatrogoer, and to anyone wishing to see how interesting the theatre, when in intelligent and talented hands, can deal with a delicate subject and with the dubious lives of two men in a delicate condition, I suggest a listing of this topaz.

SINCE *Let 'em Eat Cake* is at least 100 per cent better than most musical shows, I see no sense in getting into the furious argument as to whether it is 5 per cent better or 5 per cent inferior to *Of Thee I Sing*, to which it is the sequel.

The Wintergreen twins are now three, I believe, and Mrs. Wintergreen is considering a nice kindergarten near the White House, but Mr. Wintergreen is defeated in his race for re-election, so that's out. And so are Mr. Wintergreen and his party leaders, and they, in desperation, go into the business of making Mary Blue Shirts, after the model that Mrs. W. has made for her husband. (I rather expected it to be corn muffins on a large scale.) Well, the shirts don't sell so well, so Mr. W. gets the idea of starting a revolution to create a market for the shirts, since shirts and revolutions go arm in arm. And so on, mad infinitum, far into the nightum (11:30).

FOR years I've been campaigning for a play without love, and now I've got my wish. The menace in *The World Waits* is starvation. The scene is in the headquarters of a stranded Antarctic expedition, and we are certainly given our fill of masculinity. There were times when I would have welcomed Janet Gaynor or Patricia Collinge, tripping in in a gingham apron. Or even a female penguin. I've never realized that men could become so monotonous.

I don't mean that, either, but I do see now why women were put into this world. If for nothing else, they provide a contrast, a change in voice tones, a change in atmosphere. The play is as thrilling as it can be. I've never been carried through an evening more rapidly. The program note to the effect that this play refers to no specific Antarctic expedition either offsets or emphasizes a lot of hints in the play itself that suggest the last Byrd expedition.

Bali for me.

I'D like to stay after class at a lot of melodramas and have the explanation re-explained to me. I didn't get why somebody shot that moose head over the mantel in *Keeper of the Keys*, nor what that color-blind test had to do with the red scarf around Ellen Landini's neck. Nevertheless, this is an entertaining melodrama; it ought to be, with Earl Derr Bigger's good mystery story as a base.

(For further notes, see "Stop & Go" Service, page 44)



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DEAR Prof: Was a newsreel of a tennis match ever shown which did not contain a shot of the spectators' heads moving in unison from side to side as they followed the ball across the net?—Hyman Goober, 11 Moore St., Somerville, Mass.

Dear Hyman: No. In the newsreel cameraman's instruction book this is rule No. 6, the reason being that, although every member of any audience has witnessed this scene a dozen times a year since newsreels came into existence, it still gets a laugh. Other cameraman rules that may interest the reader are transcribed below:

"Always include, in season, the following shots in every newsreel:

"1. A horse race from start to finish, through a telescopic lens and accompanied by the voice of an excited and inarticulate announcer.

"2. Some U. S. warships in maneuvers: Follow this with a fadeout of a fluttering American flag, which will create a patriotic fervor in the dumbest audience.

"3. A long speech by a public official, a leader of some new and asinine movement, the hero of some accident, or some dope in the day's news. If the subject is illiterate or you can confuse him by asking questions, so much the better.

"4. A scene outside or inside a factory, mill, mine, or plant, showing that prosperity has returned.

"5. Some fool stunt, such as a motorcyclist riding through a brick wall, an acrobat swaying on the edge of a skyscraper, an automobile plunging from a dock, a man eating glass or nails, or a swimmer diving through a sea of liquid fire.

"6. (The tennis shot described above.)

"7. A royal display in some foreign country. The more unknown the country the better the shot.

"8. Hitler, Mussolini, or Roosevelt.

"9. Animals (any kind).

"10. Babies (any kind)."

Dear Prof: How can restaurant meringue pies be treated so the meringue will adhere to the pie and be cut off piece by piece instead of clinging to the fork in one mass?—Madge E. Cornwell, 64 S. 11th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

neapolis, Minn.

Dear Madge: The only way to make meringue stick to the lemon filling is to apply a coat of rubber cement to the underside of the meringue. This not only enables the consumer to cut the

meringue into separate pieces but vastly improves the taste of the ordinary restaurant pie. The Meringue Makers of America have been endeavoring to persuade restaurant men to adopt

this plan but very little progress has been made. "Don't try to tell us what to do," the restaurant chefs grumble, "our pie recipes are 50 years old." "Yeah," retort the Meringue Makers, "and so are your pies." On top of all this the Meringue Makers have adopted as their slogan, "A Meringue Christmas to you."

Dear Prof: (A) Why do laundries put heavy metal clips on socks, and (B) did anyone ever fail to remove and bend these clips back and forth until they broke?—Herbert Neustadt, 3518 O'Donnell St., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Herbert: (A) Laundries put those cloth-covered metal clips on socks for identification purposes but there's a slight nuance here: the markers tell the laundry men who the socks belonged to, when they emerge from the mysterious horrors of the washing

process. (B) Our records indicate that only one man has ever resisted the impulse to bend these gadgets until they break in two; his name is Ondie Martin of Los Angeles, and he resists the temptation by the simple expedient of keeping a supply of paper clips at hand. When he removes the laundry clips he throws them away immediately and vents his rage on the paper clips. Silly idea but there you are.

• • •

DEAR Prof: Has the gravy usually served in Greek restaurants ever been analysed and, if so, what were the results?—Frank Long, Chemistry Dept., University of Iowa.

Dear Frank: Conditions in the Greek restaurant gravy trade may have changed in the last two years, so it may be unfair to reveal the results of a gravy analysis made in 1931 by Stanley Silverman of Dartmouth College; but lacking newer information the following data must be presented.

In November, 1931, Silverman scraped some gravy from an old vest and a small spot from an old blue tie and set to work in his laboratory. After two days of intensive examination during which he neither ate nor slept Mr. Silverman emerged haggard and worn (and a little sick at his stomach) with the following report:

"Contents of vest gravy (probably from the Acropolis Cafe): Bacon fat 25%, flour 30%, water 35%, toast scrapings 10%. Contents of necktie gravy (probably from the Apollo Caf-



(see House): Beef gravy 1%, water 98%, nickel-plating (from chef's collar button) 1%.

"It is apparent from this analysis," stated Mr. Silverman, "that the present meaning of 'Getting the gravy' is slightly screwy."

• •

Dear Prof: Have firemen ever carried anything valuable out of a burning building, or do they always limit themselves to pin cushions and ash trays?—Miss Margaret Martin, Gardiner Hall, Northampton, Mass.

Dear Margaret: Your question will perhaps best be answered by recounting the history of the fire department of one of our larger cities. Some eighty years ago, on the very day the city's fire department was instituted, a fire broke out in a three-story dwelling at 3:25 in the afternoon. At 3:30 p.m. the fire department reached the scene and by 3:37 p.m. the fire had been extinguished—quietly, with a minimum of water, and with no destruction whatever. The spectators at the fire booed and hissed the firemen as they folded up their water buckets, and cries of "Quitters!" and "Yaaaaah! Yellow bellies!" filled the air, much to the distress and embarrassment of the fire laddies.

The next morning letters by the hundreds rolled into the office of the local paper from citizens who signed themselves "Outraged Taxpayer" and "Constant but Disgusted Reader", complaining that the firemen had sneaked around like guilty schoolboys and put out what had promised to be an extremely spectacular fire.

Following publication of these letters public indignation rose to such a feverish pitch that the Mayor no longer could ignore the situation, and he wrote an historic letter to the Fire Chief.

"Hereafter," it reads in part, "two men are to be stationed upon the roof of every burning building, to chop large holes through same in order to amuse spectators. . . . Men working inside may fight the fire, but at least one fragile object must be thrown from a window in full view of gapers in the street. . . ."

• •

BE a Queerespondent. This department will pay \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. None will be returned.

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THE MOVIES

As Seen by Harry Evans



THE release of *Broadway Through a Keyhole* brings to mind the widely publicized one-punch tiff between Walter Winchell and Al Jolson shortly after Mr. Winchell had sold the story of the film to 20th Century Pictures. Mr. Jolson, as you may remember, claimed that the theme of the story was based on an incident in his private life, and backed up his objection by taking a swing at Mr. Winchell during a prizefight in Los Angeles. After seeing the picture I am entirely in sympathy with Mr. Winchell. The picture hasn't got a theme. Furthermore Mr. Jolson was guilty of a serious breach of professional etiquette. With a properly rehearsed performance scheduled to take place in the ring, he had no right to upset the routine by ad libbing with Mr. Winchell.

As this was written, there was an accepted rumor on Broadway that Mr. Winchell intended giving up the newspaper business. If this is true his followers can be pardoned if they blame their loss on the producers of *Broadway Through a Keyhole*. Any columnist would be a sucker to work as hard as Mr. Winchell did to pick up a few thousand bucks a week, when he could sit down quietly in a corner one evening and tell a motion picture producer a story for which the gentleman offered him a small fortune. Perhaps Mr. Winchell did more than just outline the story. Perhaps he even wrote a manuscript. I doubt it. Regardless of what your personal opinion of Mr. Winchell may be, he is too canny to be responsible for the glaring weaknesses that appear in the film.

But (as Mr. Percy Hammond might say) it is probably high time to let you in on the details. In the first place *Broadway Through a Keyhole* has little information to offer about Broadway as Mr. Winchell knows it, and nothing to do with a keyhole, as represented by Mr. Winchell's type of reporting. The story is a commonplace tale about a gangster who loves a girl, treats her like a "lady," and finally steps out when she falls for a crooner. The racketeer further proves his gallantry by getting himself shot in defense of the gal. Finale: Likeable gangster dy-

ing as likeable girl gives him tearful, farewell kiss, with likeable crooner looking on. In fact, everybody getting an even break except the audience.

Now to prove my first point: Anybody who can associate the crooner in this story with Al Jolson should start drinking G. Washington coffee and scare up a friend named Watson. To begin with, Russ Columbo, who plays the rôle, never once gets down on either knee or says "Mammy." Mr. Jolson is best known as a black-face singer of songs. Mr. Columbo is a white-face band leader.

My second contention is that Mr. Winchell had little to do with the finished dialog in the film, and nothing to do with the ancient gags which are dragged in by the hair from time to time. To prove this conclusively I have only to review these cracks:

SHE: I weigh 128.

HE: Stripped?

SHE: No. The drug store was crowded.

HE: Do your eyes bother you?

SHE: No.

HE: Well, they bother me.

HE: What do you think of marriage?

SHE: I think it is carrying love too far.

SHE: What do you think of marriage?

HE: No home should be without it.

But if *Broadway Through a Keyhole* serves no other purpose, it proves that the talkies have been overlooking a bet in Paul Kelly, and it is a pleasure for this department to recommend his fine acting. Also a bow to Miss Frances Williams for her pictorial value and swell rendition of the tune, *Doing the Uptown Lowdown*.

• • •

Female, Ruth Chatterton's latest film, is the best thing she has done in the last four or five starts. One of those career-versus-love things. Another performance worth seeing is Paul Muni's characterization in *The World Changes*. And whatever you do, look out for a short subject entitled *Aniakchak*—an account of an exploration of Alaska's active volcanoes.



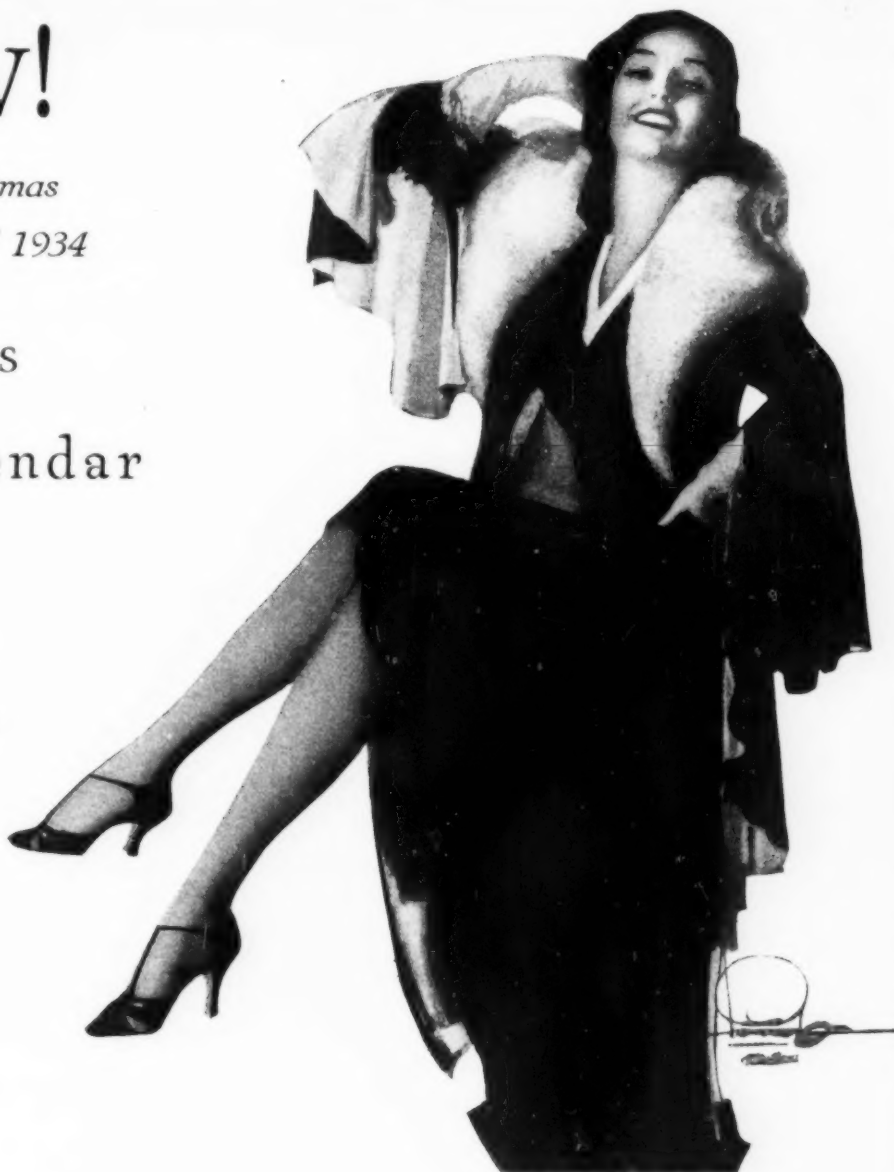
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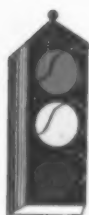
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DRAMA

(Some of these shows may be closed by now, and others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

- **Ah, Wilderness.** An Eugene O'Neill play, for once, that you can take without the aid of aspirin. A humdinger, with George Cohan at the pinnacle of his pinnacly career.

● **An Undesirable Lady.** They say it has a new ending since we saw it. Now if they will just get a new middle and a new beginning—. Even attractive Nancy Carroll can't save it.

- **As Thousands Cheer.** Current events merrily x-rayed by the sharp eye of Moss Hart, to the accompaniment of Irving Berlin tunes, assisted by Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, Marilyn Miller and Ethel Waters.

● **Champagne, Sec.** Pleasant production by a good company, headed by Peggy Wood, of operetta with nice Johann Strauss music and much unfunny horseplay.

- **Double Door.** Our choice as the town's tensest and classiest meller. A grim sister act remotely suggested by the mysterious Wendels.

- **Her Master's Voice.** Our idea of the pleasantest show in town. Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews and others handling real comedy as it should be handled.

- **Hold Your Horses.** Joe Cook running riot with a trainload of mechanical tricks (and some cute tricks in the chorus, as well), with Dave Chasen taking everything short of assault and battery as his chief stooge.

- **Keeper of the Keys.** A rather good melodrama (in spite of a lot of noisy acting) about a houseparty culminating in a couple of murders, as what houseparty shouldn't. William Hargan as Charlie Chan, who drops up epigrams and picks up clues.

- **Let 'Em Eat Cake.** Don't wait for your birthday to cut yourself a slice of this. The most intelligent musical insanity in town. A sequel to *Of Thee I Sing*, with the same authors and practically the same cast.

- **Men in White.** The most fun we've had in a hospital since we had our tonsils out. Alexander Kirkland in an earnest picture of life in hospital corridors sometimes not so sterile.

● **Sailor Beware.** Sex life of the U. S. Navy.

● **Murder at the Vanities.** A murder mystery and a musical revue getting terribly into each other's hair.

- **One Sunday Afternoon.** Excellent comedy, of the flashback school, showing that the Best Girl in the

World may be the very one you married instead of the one you thought you let get away.

- **Ten Minute Alibi.** A pretty fair melodrama about a young Englishman who fixes a clock and a watch to prove that he was elsewhere when his villainous rival in love committed suicide.

- **The Curtain Rises.** Insignificant piece of tawdry about a little prissy who gets a great actor to teach her how to make love. Jean Arthur and Donald Foster good but that doesn't suffice.

- **The Green Bay Tree.** Exceptionally fine documentary study of the lives of two decadent gentlemanly aesthetes. We might say "caution" as to the subject matter, but not as to the handling.

- **The Pursuit of Happiness.** Delightful comedy of firewood conservation in New England in 1776, i.e., of the old courting custom of bundling through the long winter evenings, which must have been all too short, at that.

- **The World Waits.** Men without women in the Antarctic, but you don't miss them if you're starving to death.

- **Thunder on the Left.** From the book in which Christopher Morley scrambles some children with themselves as adults. Delightful until it gets incomprehensible.

MOVIES

● **Before Dawn** (Dudley Digges, Stuart Erwin, Warner Oland, Dorothy Wilson)—Involved mystery tale with an answer that becomes pretty obvious early in the film. Fine performance by Digges keeps this one out of the red.

- **Bombshell** (Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Franchot Tone, Ted Healy)—By far the most amusing ribbing of Hollywood's publicity-built stars ever offered... with cracks at phony fan magazine stuff that will probably make some of the publishers sizzle. Miss Harlow's most comprehensive screen performance.

- **Deluge** (Peggy Shannon, Sidney Blackmer, Matt Moore, Lois Wilson)—Fanciful tale of the second destruction of the world by flood (with a preword explaining that the producers know it really couldn't happen on account of what the Bible says, but they just thought it was a good idea).

- **Dr. Bull** (Will Rogers, Vera Allen, Marion Nixon, Louise Dresser, Howard Lally, Ralph Morgan)—Sentimental story of a country doctor that can hardly miss as all-family entertainment.

● **Ever in my Heart** (Barbara Stanwyck, Otto Kruger, Ralph Bellamy)—German-American professor, happily married to American girl, is victim of World War sentiment and deported to Germany. Sympathy is sought for the man whose life is wrecked by hysterical propaganda, and unfair prejudice. Director Archie Mayo handles the difficult assignment with excellent taste and fine restraint.

● **Headline Shooter** (William Gargan, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy, Jack LaRue)—This one really deserves a dash of green. Romance between newsreel cameraman and newspaper sob sister—with the usual screen overemphasis on the so-called glamour of the "news game."

● **Henry VIII** (Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes, Robert Donat, Lady Tree and other distinguished English players)—In case you do not read the movie review page in this issue, just remember to see this one, if you have to borrow the dough.

● **I'm No Angel** (Mae West—why say more)—Only the blue noses will be able to resist the humor of Miss West's close-lipped, loose-hipped utterances. Critics may be inclined to think she is putting it on pretty thick—unless they take time out to watch the audience. Then you see why she is considered the most important name in Hollywood at the present time.

● **Saturday's Millions** (Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine)—Seeking to discredit the rumor that football is no longer a game of friendly rivalry between colleges, but has become a bitter struggle for big business.

● **Skyward** (Kathryn Crawford, Lucien Littlefield, Claude Gillingwater, Ray Walker, Tom Duggan)—Commendable performances in an implausible story that cracks out loud. But watch this Ray Walker.

● **The Big Bluff** (Reginald Denny, Claudia Dell, Jed Prouty, Donald Keith)—Denny wrote and directed this crawler. Usually a breezy bird who can waltz through a comedy part, Denny plods in this one—probably due to added cares as author and head man.

● **The Good Companions** (Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, Mary Glynn, John Giegler)—This one suffers from the usual ailment of British-made films... lead in the tail.

● **The World Changes** (Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Donald Cook, Mary Astor, Margaret Lindsay, Guy Kibbe)—And a flock of other prominents including our old friend Anna Q. Nilsson, who has a small rôle. Muni is splendid in this epic of the cattle business.

● **Thrill Hunter** (Buck Jones, Dorothy Revier)—Here's a horse drama that will fool you. Buck plays a sort of Baron Munchausen who lies from habit. His exaggerating lands him with a movie company who give him a chance to record his accomplishments on film. This leads to a series of land and air stunts that provide a consistently entertaining pace. Swell

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Life Magazine, Inc.

for kids and any grownup who retains a yen for this sort of stuff.

● **Walls of Gold** (Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Ralph Morgan)—Adapted from the Kathleen Norris novel by somebody with a fine flair for dull dialog. The rough journey from script to screen left the plot punch drunk, and probably gave Miss Norris a slight attack of nausea.

BOOKS

● **Chinese Destinies** by Agnes Smedley. If you're sick of pitter-patter Chinese, missionaries and the sweet culture of Confucius, read this book about the real Chinese.

● **Four Days' Wonder** by A. A. Milne. Said to be a mystery story. There are two mysteries: (a) Why is it a mystery, (b) why was it published? Verdict: Two poohs and a winnie.

● **Kapoot** by Carveth Wells. When the Russians get the water running in the bathroom, it will be a great disappointment to Mr. Wells, who lectures.

● **Radetsky March** by Joseph Roth. Austrian officers and their ladies, shady and otherwise, leading an empire down hill to its doom. Grand reading.

● **The American Procession** by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. With scissors and paste, another book is written to replace the old family album. Lots of people will like it. I'm not impressed.

● **The Dragon Murder Case** by S. S. Van Dine. Best mystery of the month. Gentleman goes into the swimming pool and, like the Hippodrome girls, doesn't come up again.

● **The Edwardian Era** by André Maurois. Inside stuff on King who carried his bridge partners with him when he traveled. And all the other important ones of his time.

● **The Night Club Era** by Stanley Walker. The entire Prohibition era of New York trussed up and delivered. All the notorious are here. Very well done.

● **The Tumult and the Shouting** by Ursula Parrott. I haven't read this but Miss Parrott, on the jacket, says this is her masterpiece and I make it a point never to discourage genius.

● **Timberline** by Gene Fowler. The Rocky Mountain Menaces—Bonfils and Tammen of the Denver Post, dissected at a gallop by their best and goofiest reporter.

● **Three Cities** by Sholom Asch. An epic novel of Europe in its post-war travails. Extraordinarily good and history which excels real history.

● **World War Memories** by David Lloyd George. How the nice men in uniforms succeeded in killing ten million young men. How Lloyd George hated them.

Sailing East of Suez?



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Christmas TALE

Chap. I: Many, many guests. Unexpected, too.

Chap. II: Ample cans of DOLE Pineapple Juice already chilled in the refrigerator. (DOLE Pineapple Juice is the pure, unsweetened juice of sun-ripened Hawaiian Pineapples vacuum-packed for your protection. The economical fruit-juice, eliminating muss and trouble of pressing, peeling.)

Chap. III: Socko Christmas Party! Conclusion: More DOLE Pineapple Juice for New Year's, Annabelle.

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A LEISURELY resort in South Georgia for the golfer and shooter. Beautiful surroundings, mild bracing climate, fine outdoors all winter.

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THE WOMAN'S SLANT

By Alice Hughes



Mugs and Pugs

WHAT has happened to the carriage trade? To the blue-veined aristocrats with fine lace at their slender wrists? To the gouty, wealthy old tyrants whose color is a choleric red, and in whose Ascot tie a lone and costly pearl reposes? Are they seen around in fashionable drawing rooms any more? They are not. Smart hostesses don't care a fig for their family trees, because they're such colossal old bores. In their stead are popping up nimble-witted, life-of-the-party people with no more gentility than a rabbit. Mugs and pugs, really.

For instance, the bluest-blooded hostess would give her right monocle to get Mae West to come calling. Mae's a grand girl and good to her mother, but an ex-burlesque queen is no social lily. Schnozzle Durante is another plum society leaders go for, and he's no little Lord Fauntleroy, either. Fright-wig Harpo Marx; loose-brained Dave Chasen; His Eminence Bishop Lou Holtz—they're scrambled over by smart hostesses. They can make any renowned drawing room in two seconds flat. Nobody wants polite people any more. A thumb-at-the-nose; a Bronx cheer; a cockeyed leer—these set the social tone of today's society. No more stifled yawns; foey! hand-kissers and bowers from the waist!

Are You Wearing?

Pullover velveteen sweaters? Sapphire in the evening if your hair is white? Bangs and off-the-face hats? Fleece-lined boots over evening slippers or over ordinary shoes at football games, to prevent frozen toes? Are you swishing a train on your more-or-less-at-home dress? Monogram clips of silver or gold? Chevron designs in your cravat, if you're a man? Are you going to bed with heating pads if you're a cold-footed sleeper? Mexican color schemes in hats and costumes? Chinchilla coats for resort wear? Brown suede Oxfords, whether you're male or female? *You should be.*

This Month's Madnesses

Nazi branding of cows with Swastikas and the words, "Heil Hitler!"

... Divided skirts for lady harpists, cellists and hoop-rollers. ... Monogramming live turtles as household pets. ... Sizzling platters, upon which the food contained must be cooler than the platter, else there'll be no sizzle, and which add smoking grease to chops and steaks whose chief charm is that they've been broiled in their own juice. ... Moods of Joy cold cream, a turtle's contribution to feminine beauty.

Mary Blue

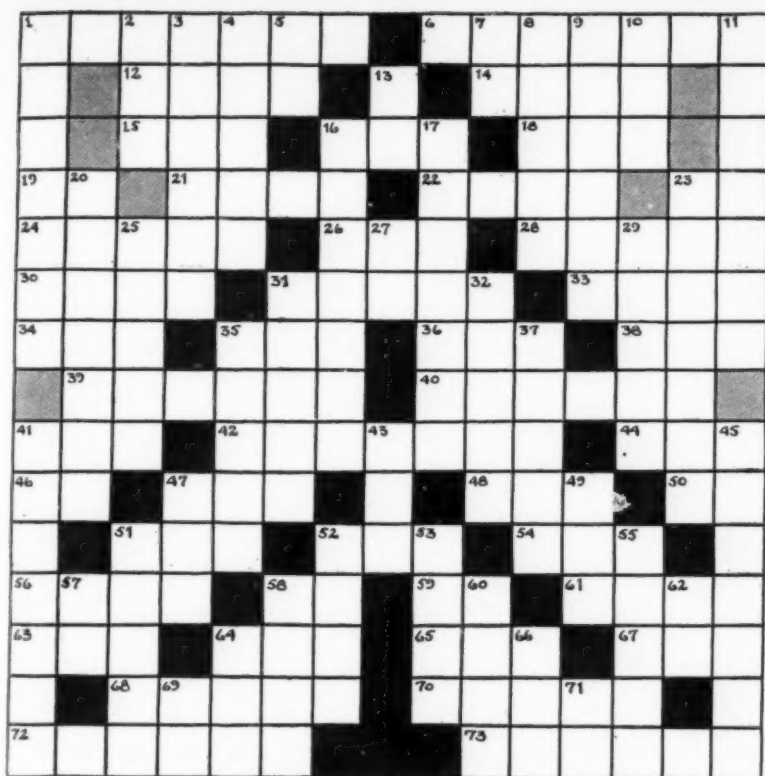
Look for this shade to streak itself over this winter's fashion front. It has received an azure sendoff in "Let 'em Eat Cake," this season's musical comedy successor to "Of Thee I Sing." It's a clear, brilliant blue, good for men's shirts and women's blouses. A show or a movie is most important, nowadays, in launching a style, and Mary Blue looks like a winner to us.

Christmas Counsel

Kadette pocket radios that can be taken around anywhere. They weigh 2 pounds, and are sold everywhere. Electric razor-blade sharpeners, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Sequin scarfs for gals who like to glitter, at Best's. Velvet drum vanity compacts and drumstick lipsticks, at Saks-5th Ave. Plaid or monogram suspenders at Macy's. Divine doormats made of crocheted cables in brilliant colors, at Bergdorf Goodman. A widow's ring of two bands of black onyx separated by a circlet of diamonds, at Udall and Ballou. A house coat of velvet-and-lace, to throw over an evening dress when one comes home in the sma' hours and raids the refrigerator, at Hattie Carnegie. A pink, oh! so British! pram at Best's.

NOVEMBER SOLUTION

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O	I	L	L	S	A	D	S	E	E	T		
G	O	D	S	T	I	L	E	T	A	R	D	Y



HORIZONTAL

1. This smells.
6. You can't hold these to it.
12. The trouble with the British.
14. This comes in skins.
15. You can put any price on this.
16. A suggestive word.
18. Bend.
19. What Quakers sometimes call you.
21. No more life in this old bird.
22. Stalk.
24. Two first persons.
24. A sign for progress.
26. What women get out of marriage.
28. This cuts the curves.
30. Watch out for tricks from these.
31. A fast one.
33. Follows see-saw in the dictionary.
34. One thing your senator did for Congress.
35. Five o'clock lunch.
36. A duck.
38. Found in jets.
39. This always cuts.
40. A blow for music.
41. All this is no good.
42. This is for the grave.
44. Article in constant use.
46. A third person being present.
47. You'll find this handy.
48. This is no fun.
50. Older partner.
51. Your brother's.
52. Not a hard drink to take.
54. Well-known literary period.
56. Goes a long ways.
58. A little something for mother.
59. Almost off.
61. Sometimes hired; always fired.
64. A complement to a woman.
64. You'll find this helpful.
65. Steal away.
67. No friend.
68. Ethel Barrymore's children.
70. This is 50-50 in Dutch.
72. There's a point to this.
73. What soldiers eat in.

VERTICAL

1. We hope this will be happy.
2. You have an upper and a lower.
3. Winds.
4. A stiff one.
5. Something impossible to make out.
7. News service.
8. A couple of sniffers.
9. Where the stars shine.
10. This goes on foot.
11. Hides.
13. It makes a suit of this.
16. A good pointer.
17. The essential thing.
20. Surrounds and holds.
23. Always hung up at Christmas time.
25. This is a matter of principle.
27. Business letters start in this.
29. Engender.
31. What gets under a patient's skin.
32. These offer anybody an opening.
35. For crying out loud.
37. A fearful worry.
41. Star-gazers.
43. This has a double meaning.
45. These wipe out everything in sight.
47. Breathing space.
49. Inclined to be waggish.
51. You'll find this so.
52. Soft spots.
53. At the end of every voyage.
55. Hair in bunches.
57. The beginning of vanity.
58. There's very little to this.
60. Always found in one shape or another.
62. Sure to be denied.
64. Nothing more after this.
66. Proverbially busy.
69. This stands for the old days.
71. A common comparison.

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By DOROTHY MCKAY



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SUCH IS LIFE!

LETTERS

DEAR LIFE: In the Chatter column for October you mention a very good friend of mine. You state that "W. E. Farbstain is a Pittsburgh dentist." I attended college with him in Missouri for four years, and happen to know that he is a Physician (Osteopathic) and a darned good one for any community. Dentists are O. K. and necessary evils. Some of my best friends belong to that rank and file. But my friend Farby is not a tooth puller.

—Dr. Orville D. Ellis
Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear LIFE: On page 48 of the October issue you call Dr. W. E. Farbstain a Pittsburgh dentist. The Pittsburgh is in order but the Dentist is in error—Dr. Farbstain is an osteopathic physician and has been a contributor to our publication, *The Osteopath*, for many years. Fact is, he contributes our most interesting feature.

—R. H. Williams, D. O.
Glendale, California

Dear LIFE: You're all wrong. Dr.



S. J. Perelman, instigator of the essay on page 16, has deserted Hollywood again to put on his own Broadway play.

End

Farbstain is an Osteopath. I ought to know. He's my doctor.

—Philip Friedman
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear LIFE: You say W. E. Farbstain is a dentist. Are you sure? I thought he was an Osteopathic Physician and proud of it.

—A. E. Valdane, D. O.
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our error. Dr. Farbstain is an osteopath.

CHATTER

BY this time S. J. Perelman's (and Mrs. Perelman's) comedy "All Good Americans" has opened. We hope it's good. . . . We haven't investigated the rumor that a janitor in upper Fifth Avenue wrings out his mop by letting Fifth Avenue buses run over it. . . . Our own Evelyn Love Cooper of the staff is author of a new book of verse, "Slightly Sour Grapes." . . . Dorothy McKay has brought Wilbur and Thaddeus back to life in a big way (see front cover). . . . Russell Patterson went to Hollywood last month to do some work on several pictures. He will maintain his New York schedules from there. . . . Lester Gaba is vacationing in Mexico. . . . Harry Haenigsen holds this month's record for sustained work. It took him 75 hours to draw the caricatures for Life's Repeal Party (pages 22-23). Meantime he had to turn out his daily picture for Hearst's New York *American*. . . . Alice Hughes is now working for the *American*, too. . . . In answer to many queries, our crossword puzzles are designed by Paul Showers, in Detroit. . . . W. E. Farbstain is an osteopath, not a dentist. . . . George Price draws his pictures on any kind of paper that's handy. We've bought drawings from him that were finished on brown wrapping paper and cellophane! . . . Professor (Queer)response) Williams' new book "Dear Prof." has been turned down by every publisher in New York. . . . Somebody wrote in to ask if a letter addressed simply to "Bread" would eventually be delivered to "the staff of LIFE." We think not. . . . And here's how and a Merry Christmas to you!

—THE EDITORS

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